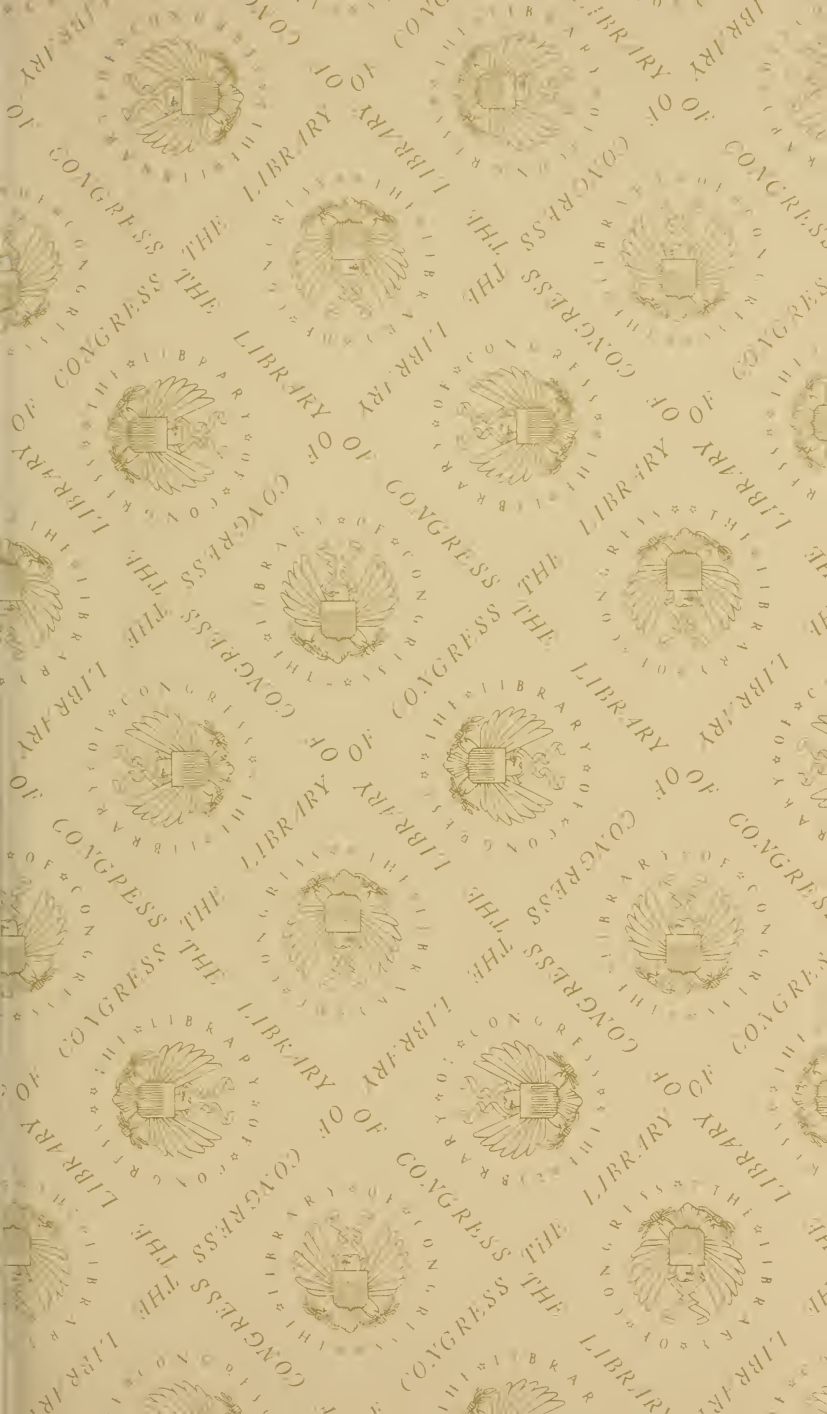


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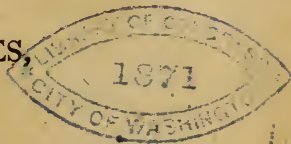


The new-made widow, too, I've sometimes spy'd,
Sad sight! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead,
Listless, she crawls along in doleful black,
White bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,
Fast falling down her now untasted che.

THE
BEAUTIES OF THE POETS:

BEING
A COLLECTION
OF
MORAL AND SACRED POETRY,
FROM THE MOST EMINENT AUTHORS.

COMPILED BY THE LATE
REV. THOMAS JANES,
OF BRISTOL.



EMBELLISHED WITH COPPER-PLATES.

“ All men agree, that licentious Poems do of all writings soonest corrupt the heart: and why should we not be as universally persuaded, that the grave and serious performances of such as write in the most engaging manner, by a kind of divine impulse, must be the most effectual persuasives to goodness?”—TATLER.

LONDON:

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1806.

PR11911

J3

TO
THE READER.

THE Editor of this little Volume was a person of considerable literary abilities and judgment: and had he not been taken to his reward early in life, this production proves, that mankind might have been much benefited by his judicious labours. As a COLLECTION it is inferior to none in the kingdom. And as the Compiler was justly esteemed for his piety and vivacity of spirit, so has he made choice of those pieces that cannot fail, if duly attended to, to instil into the mind of the Reader the love of virtue and true religion; abstracted from all illiberal ideas and pe-

dantic notions, which are only of man's invention.

He was not confined in his sentiments to any particular human system; but the tenor of his conduct, private and public, proved him to be actuated by the best principles—The love of GOD, and of all Mankind. From such abilities, therefore, it is natural to expect the most agreeable productions; and herein, we apprehend, the judicious reader will not be disappointed.

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THE
BEAUTIES

OF THE
POETS.

ON
CREATION.

MILTON.

THE Son

On His great expedition now appear'd,
Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
Of majesty divine; sapience and love
Immense, and all The Father in Him shone.
About His chariot numberless were pour'd
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
And Virtues, winged Spirits, and chariots wing'd
From th' armoury of GOD, where stood of old
Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd
Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,

Celestial equipage: and now came forth
 Spontaneous, for within them spirit liv'd,
 Attendant on their Lord: Heaven open'd wide
 Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound
 On golden hinges moving, to let forth
 The King of Glory, in his powerful Word
 And Spirit coming to create new worlds.
 On heavenly ground they stood, and from the shore
 They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss
 Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
 Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
 And surging waves, as mountains to assault
 Heaven's height, and with the centre mix the pole.

Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace,
 Said then th' omnific Word, your discord end:
 Nor staid, but on the wings of Cherubim
 Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
 Far into Chaos, and the world unborn;
 For Chaos heard His voice: Him all His train
 Follow'd, in bright procession, to behold
 Creation, and the wonders of His might
 Then staid the fervid wheels, and in His hand
 He took the golden compasses, prepar'd
 In GOD's eternal store, to circumscribe
 This Universe, and all created things;
 One foot he centred, and the other turn'd
 Round thro' the vast profundity obscure,

And said, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy just circumference, O world!

Thus GOD the heaven created, thus the earth,
Matter unform'd and void: darkness profound
Cover'd th' abyss; but on the wat'ry calm,
His brooding wings the Spirit of GOD outspread,
And vital virtue infus'd, and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid mass, but downward purg'd
The black, tartareous, cold, infernal dregs,
Adverse to life: then founded, then conglob'd
Like things to like, the rest to several place
Disparted, and between spun out the air,
And earth, self-balanc'd, on her centre hung.

Let there be light, said GOD, and forthwith light
Æthereal, first of things, quintessence pure,
Sprung from the deep, and from her native east
To journey through the aëry gloom began.
Spher'd in a radiant cloud, for yet the sun
Was not, she in a cloudy tabernacle
Sojourn'd the while. GOD saw the light was good;
And light from darkness by the hemisphere
Divided: light the Day, and darkness Night
He nam'd. Thus was the first day ev'n and morn:
Nor pass'd uncelebrated, nor unsung
By the celestial choirs, when orient light,
Exhaling first from darkness, they beheld;
Birth-day of heaven and earth: with joy and shout

The hollow universal orb they fill'd,
 And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning prais'd
 GOD and His works, Creator Him they sung,
 Both when first evening was, and when first morn.

Again GOD said, Let there be firmament
 Amid the waters, and let it divide
 The waters from the waters: and GOD made
 The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,
 Transparent, elemental air, diffus'd
 In circuit to the uttermost convex
 Of this great round; partition firm and sure:
 The waters underneath, from those above,
 Dividing: for as earth, so He the world
 Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide
 Crystalline ocean, and the loud misrule
 Of Chaos far remov'd, lest fierce extremes
 Contiguous, might distemper the whole frame:
 And heaven He nam'd the firmament: so ev'n
 And morning chorus sung the second day.

The earth was form'd, but in the womb as yet
 Of waters, embryon immature involv'd,
 Appear'd not: over all the face of earth
 Main ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warm
 Prolific humour, soft'ning all her glebe,
 Fermented the great mother to conceive,
 Sate with genial moisture: when GOD said,
 Be gather'd now, ye waters under heaven,

Into one place, and let dry land appear.
 Immediately the mountains huge appear
 Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
 Into the clouds, their tops ascend the sky:
 So high as heav'd the tumid hills, so low
 Down sunk a hollow bottom, broad and deep,
 Capacious bed of waters: thither they
 Hasted with glad precipitance, uproll'd
 As drops on dust conglobing from the dry;
 Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct,
 For haste; such flight the great command impress'd
 On the swift floods: as armies at the call
 Of trumpet (for of armies thou hast heard)
 Troop to their standard, so the wat'ry throng,
 Wave rolling after wave, where way they found,
 If steep, with torrent rapture; if through plain,
 Soft ebbing; nor withstood them rock or hill:
 But they, or under ground, or circuit wide,
 With serpent-error wand'ring, found their way,
 And on the washy ooze deep channels wore;
 Easy, ere GOD had bid the ground be dry,
 All but within those banks, where rivers now
 Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.

The dry land, Earth, and the great receptacle
 Of congregated waters He call'd Seas;
 And saw that it was good, and said, Let th' earth
 Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed,

And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind,
 Whose seed is in herself upon the earth.
 He scarce had said, when the bare earth, till then
 Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,
 Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad
 Her universal face with pleasant green;
 Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flower'd,
 Op'ning their various colours, and made gay
 Her bosom smelling sweet; and these scarce blown,
 Forth flourish'd thick the clust'ring vine, forth crept
 The smelling gourd, up stood the corny reed
 Embattell'd in her field; and th' humble shrub
 And bush, with frizzled hair implicit: last
 Rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and spread
 Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemm'd
 With blossoms; with high woods the hills were
 crown'd,
 With tufts the valleys, and each fountain side,
 With borders 'long the rivers: that earth now
 Seem'd like to heav'n, a seat where gods might
 dwell,
 Or wander with delight, and love to haunt
 Her sacred shades: though God had not yet rain'd
 Upon the earth, and man to till the ground
 None was, but from the earth a dewy mist
 Went up, and water'd all the ground, and each
 Plant of the field, which, ere it was in th' earth,

God made, and every herb, before it grew
 On the green stem; God saw that it was good:
 So ev'n and morn recorded the third day.

Again th' Almighty spake, Let there be lights
 High in th' expanse of heav'n, to divide
 The day from night; and let them be for signs,
 For seasons, and for days, and circling years,
 And let them be for lights, as I ordain
 Their office in the firmament of heaven
 To give light on the earth: and it was so.
 And God made two great lights, great for their use
 To man; the greater to have rule by day,
 The less by night altern: and made the stars,
 And set them in the firmament of heaven
 To illuminate the earth, and rule the day
 In their vicissitude, and rule the night,
 And light from darkness to divide. God saw,
 Surveying His great work, that it was good:
 For of celestial bodies first the sun,
 A mighty sphere, He fram'd, unlightsome first,
 Though of ethereal mould; then form'd the moon
 Globose, and every magnitude of stars,
 And sow'd with stars the heaven thick as a field:
 Of light by far the greatest part he took,
 Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and plac'd
 In the sun's orb, made porous to receive
 And drink the liquid light, firm to retain

Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light,
 Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
 Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,
 And hence the morning planet gilds her horns ;
 By tincture or reflection they augment
 Their small peculiar, though from human sight
 So far remote, with diminution seen.
 First in his east the glorious lamp was seen,
 Regent of day, and all th' horizon round
 Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
 His longitude thro' heaven's high road ; the grey
 Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danc'd,
 Shedding sweet influence : less bright the moon,
 But opposite in levell'd west was set
 His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
 From him, for other light she needed none
 In that aspect, and still that distance keeps
 Till night, then in the east her turn she shines,
 Revolv'd on heaven's great axle, and her reign
 With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,
 With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd
 Spangling the hemisphere : then first adorn'd
 With their bright luminaries that set and rose ;
 Glad ev'ning and glad morn crown'd the fourth day.

And GOD said, Let the waters generate
 Reptile with spawn abundant, living soul ;
 And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings

Display'd on the open firmament of heaven.
 And GOD created the great whales, and each
 Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
 The waters generated by their kinds,
 And every bird of wing after his kind;
 And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, saying,
 Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas,
 And lakes, and ranning streams, the waters fill;
 And let the fowl be multiply'd on th' earth.
 Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay,
 With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals
 Of fish that with their fins and shining scales
 Glide under the green wave, in sculls that oft
 Bank the mid sea: part single, or with mate,
 Graze the sea-weed their pasture, and thro' groves
 Of coral stray, or sporting with quick glance,
 Shew to the sun their wav'd coats dropt with gold;
 Or in their pearly shells at ease, attend
 Moist nutriment, or under rocks their food
 In jointed armour watch: on smooth the seal,
 And bended dolphins play: part huge of bulk
 Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,
 Tempest the ocean; there leviathan,
 Hugest of living creatures, on the deep
 Stretch'd like a promontory, sleeps or swims,
 And seems a moving land, and at his gills
 Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out, a sea.

Meanwhile the tepid caves, and fens, and shores,
 Their brood as num'rous hatch, from th' egg that
 soon

Bursting with kindly rupture, forth disclos'd
 Their callow young, but feather'd soon and fledge,
 They summ'd their pens, and soaring th' air sublime,
 With clang despis'd the ground, under a cloud
 In prospect; there the eagle and the stork
 On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build:
 Part loosely wing the region, part more wise
 In common, rang'd in figure wedge their way,
 Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
 Their aëry caravan, high over seas
 Flying, and over lands with mutual wing
 Easing their flight; so steers the prudent crane
 Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air
 Floats as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes:
 From branch to branch the smaller birds with song
 Solac'd the woods, and spread their painted wings
 Till even, nor then the solemn nightingale
 Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft lays:
 Others on silver lakes and rivers bath'd
 Their downy breasts; the swan, with arched neck
 Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
 Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit
 The dank, and rising on stiff pennons, tow'r
 The mid aërial sky: others on ground

Walk'd firm ; the crested cock, whose clarion sounds
 The silent hours ; and th' other, whose gay train
 Adorns him, colour'd with the florid hues
 Of rainbows and starry eyes. The waters thus
 With fish replenish'd, and the air with fowl,
 Ev'ning and morn solemnized the fifth day.

The sixth, and of Creation last, arose
 With evening harps and matin, when GOD said,
 Let th' earth bring forth fowl living in her kind,
 Cattle, and creeping things, and beast of th' earth,
 Each in their kind. The earth obey'd, and strait
 Op'ning her fertile womb, teem'd at a birth
 Innumerable living creatures, perfect forms
 Limb'd and fully grown : out of the ground uprose,
 As from his lair, the wild beast, where he wons
 In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den :
 Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd :
 The cattle in the fields and meadows green :
 Those rare and solitary, these in flocks
 Past'ring at once, and in broad herds up-sprung.
 The grassy clods now calv'd, now half appear'd
 The tawny lion, pawing to get free
 His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bonds
 And rampant, shakes his brindled mane : the ounce,
 The libbarb, and the tiger, as the mole
 Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
 In hillocks : the swift stag from under ground

Bore up his branching head: scarce from his mould
 Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheav'd
 His vastness: fleec'd the flocks and bleating rose,
 As plants: ambiguous between sea and land
 The river horse and scaly crocodile.

At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
 Insect or worm: those wav'd their limber fans
 For wings, and smallest lineaments exact
 In all the liv'ries deck'd of summer's pride,
 With spots of gold and purple, blue and green:
 These as a line their long dimension drew,
 Streaking the ground with sinuous trace: not all
 Minims of nature; some of serpent kind,
 Wondrous in length and corpulence, involv'd
 Their snaky folds, and added wings. First crept
 The parsimonious emmet, provident
 Of future, in small room large heart enclos'd,
 Pattern of just equality perhaps
 Hereafter, join'd in her popular tribes
 Of commonalty: swarming next appear'd
 The female bee, that feeds her husband drone
 Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells
 With honey stor'd; the rest are numberless:
 But thou their natures know'st, and gav'st them
 names

Needless to thee repeated; nor unknown
 The serpent, subtlest beast of all the field,

Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes
 And hairy mane terrific, though to thee
 Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.

Now heaven in all her glory shone, and roll'd
 Her motions, as the First Great Mover's hand
 First wheel'd their course: earth in her rich attire
 Consummate, lovely smil'd; air, water, earth,
 By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was
 walk'd

Frequent: but of the sixth day yet remain'd;
 There wanted yet the master-work, the end
 Of all yet done; a creature who not prone
 And brute as other creatures, but endu'd
 With sanctity of reason, might erect
 His stature, and upright with front serene
 Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence
 Magnanimous, to correspond with heaven:
 But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
 Descends; thither with heart, and voice, and eyes
 Directed in devotion, to adore
 And worship GOD supreme, who made him chief
 Of all his works: therefore th' Omnipotent
 Eternal Father (for where is not He
 Present?) thus to His Son audibly spake:

Let us make now Man in our image, Man
 In our similitude, and let them rule
 Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,
 Beast of the field, and over all the earth.

And every creeping thing that creeps the ground,
 This said, He form'd thee, Adam, thee, O man!
 Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath'd
 The breath of life: in His own image He
 Created thee, in the image of GOD
 Express, and thou becam'st a living soul.
 Male He created thee, but thy consort
 Female for race; then bless'd mankind, and said,
 Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth,
 Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold
 Over the fish of sea, and fowl of th' air,
 And every living thing that moves on th' earth,
 Wherever thus created; for no place
 Is yet distinct by name: thence, as thou know'st,
 He brought thee into this delicious grove,
 This garden, planted with the trees of GOD,
 Delectable both to behold and taste;
 And freely all their pleasant fruits for food
 Gave thee; all sorts are here that all th' earth yields,
 Variety without end; but of the tree,
 Which tasted, works knowledge of good and evil,
 Thou may'st not; in the day thou eat'st, thou dy'st;
 Death is the penalty impos'd, beware,
 And govern well thy appetite, lest Sin
 Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.

Here finish'd He, and all that He had made
 View'd, and behold all was entirely good;
 So ev'n and morn accomplish'd the sixth day:

Yet not till the Creator, from His work
 Desisting though unwearied, up return'd,
 Up to the heaven of heavens, His high abode;
 Thence to behold this new-created world,
 Th' addition of His empire, how it show'd
 In prospect from His throne, how good, how fair,
 Answ'ring His great idea. Up He rode,
 Follow'd with acclamation and the sound
 Symphonious of ten thousand harps that tun'd
 Angelic harmonies: the earth, the air
 Resounded, (thou remember'st, for thou heard'st)
 The heavens and all the constellations rung,
 The planets in their stations list'ning stood,
 While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.
 Open, ye everlasting gates, they sung,
 Open, ye heavens, your living doors; let in
 The Great Creator, from His work return'd
 Magnificent, His six days work, a World!
 Open, and henceforth oft, for GOD will deign
 To visit oft the dwellings of just men,
 Delighted, and with frequent intercourse
 Thither will send his winged messengers
 On errands of supernal grace. So sung
 The glorious train ascending: He through heaven,
 That open'd wide her blazing portals, led
 To GOD's eternal house direct the way,
 A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold

And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear,
 Seen in the galaxy, that milky way,
 Which nightly as a circling zone thou seest
 Powder'd with stars. And now on earth the seventh
 Evening arose in Eden, for the sun
 Was set, and twilight from the east came on,
 Forerunning night; when at the holy mount
 Of heaven's high-seated top, th' imperial throne
 Of Godhead, fix'd for ever firm and sure,
 The Filial Power arriv'd, and sat him down
 With his Great Father, for He also went
 Invisible, yet stay'd, (such privilege
 Hath Omnipresence,) and the work ordain'd,
 Author and end of all things, and from work
 Now resting, bless'd and hallow'd the seventh day,
 As resting on that day from all His work;
 But not in silence holy kept; the harp
 Had work and rested not, the solemn pipe,
 And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,
 All sounds on fret by string of golden wire
 Temper'd soft tunings, intermix'd with voice
 Choral or unison: of incense clouds
 Fuming from golden censers, hid the mount.
 Creation and the six days acts they sung:
 Great are Thy works, JEHOVAH, infinite
 Thy power! what thought can measure Thee, or
 tongue

Relate Thee? greater now in Thy return
 Than from the giant angels; Thee that day
 Thy thunders magnify'd; but to create
 Is greater than created to destroy.
 Who can impair Thee, Mighty King, or bound
 Thy empire? easily the proud attempts
 Of spirits apostate, and their counsels vain,
 Thou hast repell'd, while impiously they thought
 Thee to diminish, and from Thee withdraw
 The number of Thy worshippers. Who seeks
 To lessen Thee, against his purpose serves
 To manifest the more Thy might: his evil
 Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.
 Witness this new-made world, another heaven
 From heaven-gate not far, founded in view
 On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea,
 Of amplitude almost immense, with stars
 Num'rous, and every star perhaps a world
 Of destin'd habitation; but Thou know'st
 Their seasons: among these the seat of men,
 Earth with her nether ocean circumfus'd,
 Their pleasant dwelling place. Thrice happy men,
 And sons of men, whom GOD hath thus advanc'd,
 Created in His image, there to dwell
 And worship Him, and in reward to rule
 Over His works, on earth, in sea, or air,
 And multiply a race of worshippers

Holy and just: thrice happy if they know
 Their happiness, and persevere upright.

So sung they, and the empyréan rung
 With hallelujahs: thus was sabbath kept.

MORNING HYMN.

MILTON.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
 Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
 Thus wondrous fair; Thyself how wondrous then!
 Unspeakable, who sit'st above these heavens
 To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these Thy lowest works; yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
 Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
 Angels; for ye behold Him, and with songs
 And choral symphonies, day without night
 Circle His throne rejoicing; ye in heaven,
 On earth join all ye creatures to extol
 Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn

With thy bright circlet, praise Him in thy sphere,
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
 Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
 Acknowledge Him thy greater, sound His praise
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
 And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou
 fall'st.

Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st
 With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,
 And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
 In mystic dance not without song, resound
 His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
 Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
 Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
 Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
 And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
 Vary to our Great Maker still new praise.
 Ye mists and exhalations that now rise
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky or grey,
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
 In honour to the world's Great Author rise,
 Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
 Rising or falling, still advance His praise.
 His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
 Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
 With every plant, in sign of worship wave.

Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune His praise.
 Join voices, all ye living souls; ye birds
 That singing, up to heaven gate ascend,
 Bear on your wings and in your notes His praise.
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
 To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade
 Made vocal by my song, and taught His praise.

Hail, Universal Lord, be bounteous still
 To give us only good; and if the night
 Have gather'd ought of evil or conceal'd,
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

ADAM'S RELATION TO RAPHAEL

OF THE

FIRST SURVEY HE TOOK OF HIMSELF.

MILTON.

FOR man to tell how human life began
 Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?
 Desire with thee still longer to converse

Induc'd me. As new wak'd from soundest sleep
 Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid
 In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun
 Soon dry'd, and on the reeking moisture fed.
 Strait toward heaven my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,
 And gaz'd awhile the ample sky, till rais'd
 By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,
 As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
 Stood on my feet; about me round I saw
 Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
 And liquid lapse of murm'ring streams; by these,
 Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd or flew,
 Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd
 With fragrance, and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.
 Myself I then perus'd: and limb by limb
 Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
 With supple joints, as lively vigour led:
 But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
 Knew not; to speak I try'd, and forthwith spake;
 My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
 Whate'er I saw. Thou sun, said I, fair light,
 And thou enlighten'd earth, so fresh and gay;
 Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
 And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,
 Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?
 Not of myself; by some Great Maker then,
 In goodness and in power pre-eminent;

Tell me, how may I know Him, how adore,
 From whom I have that thus I move and live,
 And feel that I am happier than I know.
 While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,
 From where I first drew air, and first beheld
 This happy light, when answer none return'd,
 On a green shady bank, profuse of flowers,
 Pensive I sat me down; there gentle sleep
 First found me; and with soft oppression seiz'd
 My drowsed sense, untroubled, though I thought
 I then was passing to my former state,
 Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:
 When suddenly stood at my head a dream,
 Whose inward apparition gently mov'd
 My fancy to believe I yet had being,
 And liv'd: One came, methought, of shape divine,
 And said, Thy mansion wants thee, Adam, rise,
 First man, of men innumerable ordain'd
 First father; call'd by thee, I come thy guide
 To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepar'd.
 So saying, by the hand He took me rais'd,
 And over fields and waters, as in air,
 Smooth sliding without step, last led me up
 A woody mountain, whose high top was plain;
 A circuit wide, inclos'd, with goodliest trees
 Planted, with walks and bowers, that what I saw
 Of earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each tree

Loaden with fairest fruit, that hung to th' eye
 Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite
 To pluck and eat: whereat, I wak'd, and found
 Before mine eyes all real, as the dream
 Had lively shadow'd: here had new begun
 My wand'ring, had not He who was my guide
 Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,
 Presence Divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,
 In adoration at His feet I fell
 Submiss; He rear'd me, and, Whom thou sought'st,
 I AM,
 Said mildly, Author of all this thou seest
 Above, or round about thee, or beneath;
 This paradise I give thee, count it thine.

ADAM'S

PENITENTIAL REFLECTIONS AFTER
 HIS FALL.

MILTON.

O MISERABLE of happy! is this the end
 Of this new glorious world, and me so late
 The glory of that glory, who now become
 Accurs'd of blessed? Hide me from the face

Of GOD, Whom to behold was then my height
 Of happiness! yet well, if here would end
 The misery; I deserv'd it, and would bear
 My own deservings; but this will not serve:
 All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,
 Is propagated curse. O voice once heard
 Delightfully, *Increase and multiply,*
 Now death to hear! for what can I increase
 Or multiply, but curses on my head?
 Who, of all ages to succeed, but feeling
 The evil on him brought by me, will curse
 My head? Ill fare our ancestor impure,
 For this we may thank Adam: but his thanks
 Shall be the execration; so besides
 Mine own that bide upon me, all from me
 Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound,
 On me, as on their natural centre, light
 Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys
 Of paradise, dear bought with lasting woes!
 Did I request Thee, Maker, from my clay
 To mould me man? Did I solicit Thee
 From darkness to promote me, or here place
 In this delicious garden? As my will
 Concurr'd not to my being, it were but right
 And equal to reduce me to my dust,
 Desirous to resign and render back
 All I receiv'd, unable to perform

Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
 The good I sought not. To the loss of that,
 Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added
 The sense of endless woes? Inexplicable
 Thy justice seems: yet, to say truth, too late
 I thus contest; then should have been refus'd
 Those terms whatever, when they were propos'd:
 Thou didst accept them; wilt thou enjoy the good,
 Then cavil the conditions? and though GOD
 Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son
 Prove disobedient, and reprov'd, retort,
 Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not:
 Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee,
 That proud excuse? yet him, not thy election,
 But natural necessity begot.

GOD made thee of choice his own, and of his own
 To serve him; thy reward was of his grace,
 Thy punishment then justly is at his will.
 Be it so, for I submit; his doom is fair,
 That dust I am, and shall to dust return:
 O welcome hour whenever! why delays
 His hand to execute what his decree
 Fix'd on this day? why do I overlive,
 Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out
 To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet
 Mortality my sentence, and be earth
 Insensible! how glad would lay me down

As in my mother's lap! there I should rest
 And sleep secure; His dreadful voice no more
 Would thunder in my ears, no fear of worse
 To me and to my offspring would torment me
 With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt
 Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die,
 Lest that pure breath of life, the spirit of man
 Which GOD inspir'd, cannot together perish
 With this corporeal clod; then in the grave,
 Or in some other dismal place, who knows
 But I shall die a living death? O thought
 Horrid, if true! yet why? it was but breath
 Of life that sinn'd; what dies but what had life
 And sin? the body properly had neither.
 All of me then shall die: let this appease
 The doubt, since human reach no further knows.
 For though the Lord of all be infinite,
 Is his wrath also? be it, man is not so,
 But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise
 Wrath without end on man whom death must end?
 Can he make deathless death? that were to make
 Strange contradiction, which to GOD himself
 Impossible is held, as argument
 Of weakness, not of power. Will he draw out
 For anger's sake, finite to infinite
 In punish'd man, to satisfy his rigour
 Satisfied never? that were to extend

His sentence beyond dust and nature's law,
 By which all causes else according still
 To the reception of their matter act,
 Not to th' extent of their own sphere. But say
 That death be not one stroke, as I suppos'd,
 Bereaving sense, but endless misery
 From this day onward, which I feel begun
 Both in me, and without me, and so last
 To perpetuity: Ay me, that fear
 Comes thund'ring back with dreadful revolution
 On my defenceless head; both Death and I
 Are found eternal, and incorporate both.
 Nor I on my part single, in me all
 Posterity stands curs'd: fair patrimony
 That I must leave ye, Sons; O were I able
 To waste it all myself, and leave ye none!
 So disinherited, how would ye bless
 Me, now your curse! Ay, why should all mankind
 For one man's fault thus guiltless be condemn'd,
 If guiltless? but from me what can proceed,
 But all corrupt, both mind and will deprav'd,
 Not to do only, but to will the same
 With me? how can they then acquitted stand
 In sight of GOD? Him after all disputes
 Forc'd I absolve: all my evasions vain,
 And reasonings, tho' through mazes, lead me still
 But to my own conviction; first and last

On me, me only, as the source and spring
 Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;
 So might the wrath!

*ADAM AND EVE EXPELLED
 PARADISE.*

MILTON.

THE hour precise
 Exacts our parting hence; and see the guards,
 By me encamp'd on yonder hill, expect
 Their motion, at whose front a flaming sword,
 In single of remove, waves fiercely round:
 We may no longer stay—go, waken Eve:
 Her also I with gentle dreams have calm'd,
 Portending good, and all her spirits compos'd
 To meek submission: thou at season fit,
 Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard,
 Chiefly what may concern her faith to know,
 The great deliverance by her seed to come
 (For by the woman's seed) on all mankind:
 That ye may live, which will be many days,
 Both in one faith unanimous, though sad,
 With cause for evils past, yet much more cheer'd
 With meditation on the happy end.

He ended, and they both descend the hill;
 Descended, Adam to the bow'r, where Eve
 Lay sleeping, ran before, but found her wak'd;
 And thus with words not sad, she him receiv'd:

“ Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st,
 I know;

For GOD is also in sleep, and dreams advise,
 Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
 Presaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress
 Wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on;
 In me is no delay; with thee to go,
 Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,
 Is to go hence unwilling; thou with me
 Art all things under Heav'n, all places thou,
 Who for my wilful crime art banish'd hence.
 This further consolation yet secure
 I carry hence; though all by me is lost,
 Such favour I unworthy am vouchsaf'd,
 By me the promis'd Seed shall all restore.”

So spake our mother Eve, and Adam heard
 Well pleas'd, but answer'd not; for now too nigh
 Th' Arch-Angel stood, and from the other hill
 To their fix'd station, all in bright array
 The Cherubim descended; on the ground
 Gliding meteorous, as evening mist
 Ris'n from a river o'er the marish glides,
 And gathers ground fast at the lab'rer's heel
 Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd

The brandish'd sword of GOD before them blaz'd
 Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
 And vapour as the Libyan air adust,
 Began to parch that temperate clime; whereat
 In either hand the hast'ning angel caught
 Our ling'ring parents, and to th' eastern gate
 Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
 To the subjected plain; then disappear'd.
 They looking back, all th' eastern side beheld
 Of paradise, so late their happy seat,
 Wav'd over by that flaming brand, the gate
 With dreadful faces throng'd, and fiery arms:
 Some natural tears they dropt; but wip'd them soon.
 The world was all before them, where to choose
 Their place of rest, and Providence their guide:
 They hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow,
 Through Eden took their solitary way.

FROM THE
 SECOND CHAPTER
 OF THE
WISDOM OF SOLOMON.
 WARD.

How is our reason to the future blind,
 When vice enervates and enslaves the mind!

What sense suggests, how fondly we believe,
And with what subtilty ourselves deceive!

Frail is our state, (th' ungodly cry) how few
The days of life, and yet how tedious too!
Death is our certain doom, in vain we strive
To stay the blow, and idly wish to live;
When once we to the grave descend, in vain
Hope ever to return, and breathe again.
Chance gave us birth, chance form'd our brittle
frame,

Nor know we how, or why, or whence we came:
Smoke is our breath, a spark our vital part,
That warms, and moves, and animates our heart,
Which once extinguish'd, we no more are seen;
Then shall we be, as if we ne'er had been.
Our works shall all in dark oblivion lie,
And with ourselves our very names shall die;
Silent, forgot, to nothing we repair,
To dust our bodies, and our souls to air.

We vanish like a cloud, that owes its birth
To exhalations from the glowing earth,
Drawn up, and painted by the solar rays,
A beauteous being it awhile displays;
But soon dissolv'd, its short-liv'd glory mourns,
And to its parent earth in tears returns:
View all the heavens around, nor can you find
The path it pass'd, or mark its trace behind.

Come, let us then the present hour employ;
 Nor to the faithless future trust our joy;
 Let us from care the wrinkled forehead smooth,
 Let us in age revive the sweets of youth,
 Pour out rich wines, the costly ointments bring,
 With all the blooming flow'rs that grace the spring;
 Let the fresh violet and the new-born rose
 A smiling chaplet for our brows compose.
 Entwine our templets, ere ye die, ye flow'rs!
 Short is your date of life, and short is ours.
 Let's print each hour with pleasure, ere it pass,
 Leave monuments of joy in every place,
 That may our revellings and us survive,
 Shew we once were, and teach our sons to live.
 Lose not the little portion fate allows,
 That is man's lot—this all the heaven he knows.

Thus they, who from the ways of truth decline,
 Pervert their reason to confirm their sin;
 The mists of sensual lust so cloud their eye,
 They can't the mysteries of GOD descry,
 Or taste the pleasing hope, and heavenly rest,
 The pious transports of the righteous breast;
 They know not man for noble views design'd,
 Nor feel the worth of their immortal mind;
 On transitory things they fix their bliss,
 And lose the better life to come for this.

A
PARAPHRASE
 OF THE
 LATTER PART OF THE SIXTH CHAPTER
 OF
 ST. MATTHEW.
 THOMSON.

WHEN my breast labours with oppressive care,
 And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear;
 While all my warring passions are at strife,
 Oh, let me listen to the words of life!
 Raptures deep-felt His doctrine did impart,
 And thus He rais'd from earth the drooping heart.

Think not, when all your scanty stores afford
 Is spread at once upon the sparing board;
 Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
 While on the roof, the howling tempest bears;
 What farther shall this feeble life sustain,
 And what shall clothe these shiv'ring limbs again.
 Say, does not life its nourishment exceed?
 And the fair body its investing weed?
 Behold! and look away your low despair—
 See the light tenants of the barren air:
 To them, nor stores, nor granaries, belong,
 Nought but the woodland and the pleasing song;

Yet, your kind heav'nly Father bends his eye
 On the least wing that flits along the sky.
 To him they sing, when spring renews the plain,
 To him they cry in winter's pinching reign;
 Nor is their music, nor their plaint in vain:
 He hears the gay, and the distressful call,
 And with unsparing bounty fills them all.

Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,
 Observe the various vegetable race;
 They neither toil, nor spin, but careless grow,
 Yet see how warm they blush, how bright they glow!
 What regal vestments can with them compare!
 What king so shining! or what queen so fair!

If, ceaseless, thus the fowls of heaven he feeds,
 If o'er the fields such lucid robes he spreads;
 Will he not care for you, ye faithless, say?
 Is he unwise? or, are ye less than they?

ODE ON ÆOLUS'S HARP.

THOMSON.

ÆTHEREAL race, inhabitants of air,
 Who hymn your God amid the secret grove;
 Ye unseen beings, to my harp repair,
 And raise majestic strains, or melt in love.

Those tender notes, how kindly they upbraid!
 With what soft woe they thrill the lover's heart,
 Sure from the hand of some unhappy maid,
 Who dy'd of love, these sweet complainings part.

But hark! that strain was of a graver tone;
 On the deep strings his hand some hermit throws;
 Or he, the sacred bard*; who sat alone,
 In the drear waste, and wept his people's woes.

Such was the song which Zion's children sung,
 When by Euphrates' stream they made their
 plaint;
 And to such sadly solemn notes are strung
 Angelic harps, to soothe a dying saint.

Methinks I hear the full celestial choir,
 Thro' heav'n's high dome their awful anthem
 raise;

Now chanting clear, and now they all conspire
 To swell the lofty hymn, from praise to praise.

Let me, ye wandring spirits of the wind,
 Who, as wild fancy prompts you touch the string,
 Smit with your theme, be in your chorus join'd,
 For till you cease, my muse forgets to sing.

* Jeremiah.

HASSAN;
OR,
THE CAMEL-DRIVER.

AN ORIENTAL ECLOGUE.

COLLINS.

Scene, The Desert.—Time, Mid-Day.

IN silent horror o'er the boundless waste
The driver Hassan with his camels past.
One cruse of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh;
The beasts, with pain, their dusty way pursue,
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!
With desp'rate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man
Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus
began:

“ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
“ When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!”

Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind,
The thirst or pinching hunger that I find:

Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,
 When fails this cruse, his unrelenting rage?
 Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign;
 Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine?

Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
 In all my griefs a more than equal share!
 Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
 Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
 In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
 Which plains more blest, or verdant vales bestow:
 Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,
 And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.
 " Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 " When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"

Curst be the gold and silver which persuade
 Weak men to follow far-fatiguing trade!
 The lily peace outshines the silver store,
 And life is dearer than the golden ore:
 Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
 To ev'ry distant mart and wealthy town.
 Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea;
 And are we only yet repaid by thee?
 Ah! why was ruin so attractive made,
 Or why fond man so easily betray'd?

Why heed we not, whilst mad we haste along,
 The gentle voice of peace or pleasure's song?
 Or wherefore think the flow'ry mountain's side,
 The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
 Why think we these less pleasing to behold,
 Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?
 " Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 " When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"

O cease my fears!—All frantic as I go,
 When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of woe;
 What if the lion in his rage I meet!
 Oft in the dust I view his printed feet:
 And fearful! oft, when day's declining light
 Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,
 By hunger rous'd, he scours the groaning plain,
 Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train:
 Before them Death with shrieks direct their way,
 Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
 " Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 " When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"

At that dead hour, the silent asp shall creep,
 If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep;
 Or some swoln serpent twist his scales around,
 And wake to anguish with a burning wound.

Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,
 From lust of wealth, and dread of death secure!
 They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find;
 Peace rules the day where reason rules the mind.

He said, and call'd on heaven to bless the day,
 And back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.



*VIRTUE ALONE AFFORDS TRUE
 HAPPINESS.*

POPE.

WHAT nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
 The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy,
 Is Virtue's prize! A better would you fix?
 Then give Humility a coach and six;
 Justice a conq'ror's sword, or Truth a gown,
 Or Public Spirit its great cure—a crown.
 Weak, foolish man! will Heav'n reward us there
 With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
 The boy and man an individual makes,
 Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
 Go, like the Indian, in another life
 Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife:
 As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
 As toys and empires, for a godlike mind.

Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
 No joy, or be destructive of the thing:
 How oft by these at sixty are undone
 The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
 To whom can riches give repute, or trust,
 Content, or pleasure, but the good or just?
 Judges and senates have been bought with gold,
 Esteem and love were never to be sold.
 O fool! to think GOD hates the worthy mind,
 The lover and the love of human-kind,
 Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
 Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.

Honour and shame from no condition rise;
 Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
 Fortune in men has some small diff'rence made,
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
 The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
 The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
 "What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?"
 I'll tell you, friend; a wise man and a fool.
 You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
 Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
 Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow,
 The rest is all but leather or prunella.

Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with
 strings,
 That thou may'st be by kings, or whores of kings;

Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
But by your father's worth, if your's you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels, ever since the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards,
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.
Look next on greatness; say where greatness lies?
"Where, but among the heroes and the wise."
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede:
The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find
Or make an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.
No less alike the politic and wise;
All fly slow things with circumspective eyes;
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat:
'Tis phrase absurd, to call a villain great;
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.

Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
 Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains ;
 Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
 Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.
 What's fame? a fancy'd life in other's breath,
 A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
 Just what you hear you have, and what's unknown
 The same (my lord) if Tully's or your own.
 All that we feel of it begins and ends
 In the small circle of our foes or friends ;
 To all beside as much an empty shade,
 An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead ;
 Alike or when, or where, they shone, or shine,
 Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
 A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod ;
 An honest man's the noblest work of GOD.
 Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
 As justice tears his body from the grave ;
 When what t' oblivion better were resign'd,
 Is hung on high to poison half mankind.
 All fame is foreign, but of true desert ;
 Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart :
 One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
 Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas ;
 And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
 Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

In parts superior what advantage lies?
 Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?
 'Tis but to know how little can be known;
 To see all others faults, and feel our own.
 Condemn'd in business or in arts to drudge,
 Without a second, or without a judge:
 Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
 All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
 Painful pre-eminence! yourself to view
 Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account;
 Make fair deductions, see to what they 'mount:
 How much of other each is sure to cost;
 How each for other oft is wholly lost;
 How inconsistent greater goods with these;
 How sometimes life is risq'd, and always ease:
 Think, and if still these things thy envy call,
 Say, wouldst thou be the man to whom they fall?
 To sigh for ribbands if thou art so silly,
 Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
 Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?
 Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.
 If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
 The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind;
 Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
 See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame?

If all, united, thy ambition call,
 From ancient story, learn to scorn them all.
 There in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
 See the false scale of happiness complete!
 In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,
 How happy those to ruin, these betray!
 Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
 From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose!
 In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
 And all that rais'd the hero, sunk the man:
 Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
 But stain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold,
 Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
 Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
 O wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
 E'er taught to shine, or sanctified from shame;
 What greater bliss attends the close of life?
 Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
 The trophy'd arches, story'd halls invade,
 And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
 Alas! not dazzled in their noon-tide ray,
 Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day;
 The whole amount of that enormous fame,
 A tale, that blends their glory with their shame!

Know then this truth (enough for man to know)
 "Virtue alone is happiness below."

The only point where human bliss stands still,
 And tastes the good without the fall to ill!
 Where only merit constant pay receives,
 Is blest in what it takes and what it gives:
 The joy unequal'd, if its end is gain,
 And if it lose, attended with no pain:
 Without satiety, though e'er so blest,
 And but more relish'd as the more distrest;
 The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
 Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears.
 Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
 For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
 Never elated, while one man's oppress'd;
 Never dejected, while another's bless'd;
 And where no wants no wishes can remain,
 Since but to wish more virtue is to gain.

See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow!
 Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know;
 Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
 The bad must miss, the good, untaught, will find;
 Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
 But looks through nature up to nature's GOD:
 Pursues that chain which links th' immense design,
 Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;
 Sees, that no being any bliss can know,
 But touches some above and some below;

Learns from this union of the rising whole,
 The first, last purpose of the human soul;
 And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
 All end in LOVE OF GOD, and LOVE OF MAN.

THE
UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

POPE,

Deo opt. max.

FATHER of all! in ev'ry age,
 In ev'ry clime ador'd,
 By saint, by savage, and by sage,
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great First Cause, least understood;
 Who all my sense confin'd
 To know but this, that thou art good,
 And that myself am blind.

Yet gave me in this dark estate,
 To see the good from ill!
 And binding nature fast in fate,
 Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heav'n pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away ;
For GOD is paid when man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay :
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way !

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the faults I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath;
O lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all being raise!
All nature's incense rise!

THE
INFINITE.

WATTS.

SOME seraph, lend your heav'nly tongue,
Or harp of golden string,
That I may raise a lofty song
To our Eternal King.

Thy names, how infinite they be!
Great Everlasting One!
Boundless Thy might and majesty,
And unconfi'd Thy throne.

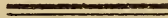
Thy glories shine of wondrous size,
And wondrous large Thy grace;
Immortal day breaks from Thine eyes,
And Gabriel veils his face.

Thine essence is a vast abyss,
Which angels cannot sound,
An ocean of infinities
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

The myst'ries of creation lie
 Beneath enlighten'd minds;
 Thoughts can ascend above the sky,
 And fly before the winds.

Reason may grasp the massy hills,
 And stretch from pole to pole,
 But half Thy name our spirit fills,
 And overloads our soul.

In vain our haughty reason swells,
 For nothing's found in Thee
 But boundless inconceivables,
 And vast eternity.



THE

DAY OF JUDGMENT.

AN ODE.

WATTS.

WHEN the fierce north wind with his airy forces
 Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury,
 And the red lightning with a storm of hail comes
 Rushing amain down,

✓
 Hopeless immortals! how they scream and shiver,
 While devils push them to the pit wide yawning,
 Hideous and gloomy, to receive them headlong
 Down to the centre.

Stop here my fancy: (all away ye horrid
 Doleful ideas!) come arise to Jesus,
 How he sits God-like: and the saints around him
 Thron'd, yet adoring!

O may I sit there when he comes triumphant,
 Dooming the nations! then ascend to glory,
 While our Hosannas all along the passage
 Shout the Redeemer.

LAUNCHING INTO ETERNITY.

WATTS.

IT was a brave attempt! advent'rous he
 Who in the first ship broke the unknown sea;
 And leaving his dear native shores behind,
 Trusted his life to the licentious wind.

I see the surging brine: the tempest raves,
 He on a pine-plank rides across the waves,
 Exulting on the edge of thousand gaping graves:
 He steers the winged boat, and shifts the sails,
 Conquers the floods, and manages the gales.

Such is the soul that leaves this mortal land
 Fearless, when the great Master gives command.
 Death is the storm: she smiles to hear it roar,
 And bids the tempest waft her from the shore:
 Then with a skilful helm she sweeps the seas,
 And manages the raging storm with ease;

(*Her faith can govern Death*) she spreads her
 wings

Wide to the wind, and as she sails she sings,
 And loses by degrees the sight of mortal things.

As the shores lessen, so her joys arise,
 The waves roll gentler, and the tempest dies:

Now vast eternity fills all her sight;
 She floats on the broad deep with infinite delight,
 The seas for ever calm, the skies for ever bright.

MEDITATION IN A GROVE.

WATTS.

SWEET Muse, descend and bless the shade,
 And bless the ev'ning grove;
 Bus'ness and noise and day are fled,
 And ev'ry care but love.

But hence, ye wanton young and fair,
 Mine is a purer flame;
 No Phillis shall infect the air
 With her unhallow'd name.

JESUS has all my pow'rs possest,
 My hopes, my fears, my joys:
 He, the dear Sov'reign of my breast,
 Shall still command my voice.

Some of the fairest choirs above
 Shall flock around my song
 With joy, to hear the name they love,
 Sound from a mortal tongue.

His charms shall make my numbers flow,
 And hold the falling floods,
 While silence sits on ev'ry bough,
 And bends the list'ning woods.

I'll carve our passion on the bark,
 And ev'ry wounded tree
 Shall drop and bear some mystic mark
 That JESUS dy'd for me.

The swains shall wonder when they read
 Inscrib'd on all the grove,
 That Heav'n itself came down, and bled
 To win a mortal's love.



THE

HERO'S SCHOOL OF MORALITY.

WATTS.

THERON among his travels found
 A broken statue on the ground ;
 And searching onward as he went,
 He trac'd a ruin'd monument.
 Mould, moss, and shades, had overgrown
 The sculpture of the crumbling stone,

Yet ere he pass'd, with much ado
 He guess'd and spell'd out, Sci-pi-o.

“ Enough,” he cry'd; “ I'll drudge no more,
 “ In turning the dull Stoics o'er :
 “ Let pédants waste their hours of ease
 “ To sweat all night at Socrates ;
 “ And feed their boys with notes and rules,
 “ Those tedious Recipes of Schools
 “ To cure ambition : I can learn
 “ With greater ease the great concern
 “ Of mortals ; how we may despise
 “ All the gay things below the skies.

“ Methinks a mould'ring pyramid
 “ Says all that the old sages said :
 “ For me, these shatter'd tombs contain
 “ More morals than the Vatican.
 “ The dust of heroes cast abroad,
 “ And kick'd and trampled in the road,
 “ The relics of a lofty mind,
 “ That lately wars and crowns design'd,
 “ Tost for a jest from wind to wind,
 “ Bid me be humble, and forbear
 “ Tall monuments of fame to rear,
 “ They are but castles in the air.

“ The tow’ring height and frightful falls,
 “ The ruin’d heaps and funerals
 “ Of smoking kingdoms and their kings,
 “ Tell me a thousand mournful things
 “ In melancholy silence.—————
 “ —————He
 “ That living could not bear to see
 “ An equal, now lies torn and dead,
 “ Here his pale trunk, and there his head;
 “ Great Pompey! while I meditate
 “ With solemn horror thy sad fate,
 “ Thy carcass scatter’d on the shore
 “ Without a name, instructs me more
 “ Than my whole library before.

“ Lie still, my Plutarch, then, and sleep,
 “ And my good Seneca may keep
 “ Your volumes clos’d for ever too,
 “ I have no further use for you:
 “ For when I feel my virtue fail,
 “ And my ambitious thoughts prevail;
 “ I’ll take a turn among the tombs,
 “ And see whereto all glory comes.
 “ There the vile foot of ev’ry slave,
 “ Insults a Charles or a Gustave:
 “ Beggars with awful ashes sport,
 “ And tread the Cæsars in the dirt.”

TRUE RICHES.

WATTS.

I AM not concern'd to know,
 What to-morrow fate will do :
 'Tis enough that I can say
 I've possess'd myself to-day :
 Then if haply midnight death
 Seize my flesh and stop my breath,
 Yet to-morrow I shall be
 Heir to the best part of me.

Glitt'ring stones and golden things,
 Wealth and honours that have wings,
 Ever flutt'ring to be gone,
 I could never call my own :
 Riches that the world bestows,
 She can take and I can lose ;
 But the treasures that are mine,
 Lie afar beyond her line :
 When I view my spacious soul,
 And survey myself awhile,
 And enjoy myself alone,
 I'm a kingdom of my own.

I've a mighty part within
 That the world hath never seen,

Rich as Eden's happy ground,
And with choicer plenty crown'd.
Here, on all the shining boughs,
Knowledge fair and useful grows ;
On the same young flow'ry tree,
All the seasons you may see ;
Notions in the bloom of light,
Just disclosing to the sight :
Here are thoughts of larger growth,
Rip'ning into solid truth :
Fruits refin'd of noble taste ;
Seraphs feed on such repast.
Here, in green and shady grove,
Streams of pleasure mix with love :
There, beneath the smiling skies,
Hills of contemplation rise :
Now, upon some shining top,
Angels light, and call me up ;
I rejoice to raise my feet,
Both rejoice when there we meet.

There are endless beauties more
Earth hath no resemblance for ;
Nothing like them round the pole,
Nothing can describe the soul ;
'Tis a region half unknown,
That has treasures of its own,

More remote from public view
 Than the bowels of Peru;
 Broader 'tis and brighter far
 Than the golden Indies are:
 Ships that trace the wat'ry stage,
 Cannot coast it in an age;
 Harts or horses, strong and fleet,
 Had they wings to help their feet,
 Could not run it half way o'er
 In ten thousand days and more.

Yet the silly wand'ring mind,
 Loth to be too much confin'd,
 Roves and takes her daily tours,
 Coasting round the narrow shores,
 Narrow shores of flesh and sense,
 Picking shells and pebbles thence;
 Or she sits at Fancy's door,
 Calling shapes and shadows to her,
 Foreign visits still receiving,
 And t' herself a stranger living.
 Never, never would she buy
 Indian dust or Tyrian dye,
 Never trade abroad for more,
 If she saw her native store,
 If her inward worth were known,
 She might ever live alone.

CHARITY.

A

PARAPHRASE ON THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER

OF THE

FIRST EPISTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS.

PRIOR.

DID sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue,
 Than ever man pronounc'd or angel sung;
 Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
 That thought can reach, or science can define;
 And had I pow'r to give that knowledge birth,
 In all the speeches of the babbling earth;
 Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast inspire,
 To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire;
 Or had I faith like that which Israel saw,
 When Moses gave them miracles, and law;
 Yet, gracious Charity, indulgent guest,
 Were not thy pow'r exerted in my breast;
 Those speeches would send up unheeded pray'r,
 That scorn of life would be but wild despair:
 A tymbal's sound were better than my voice,
 My faith were form, my eloquence were noise.

Charity, decent, modest, easy, kind,
 Softens the high, and rears the abject mind!
 Knows with just reins and gentle hand to guide
 Betwixt vile shame, and arbitrary pride:
 Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives;
 And much she suffers, as she much believes;
 Soft peace she brings wherever she arrives;
 She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives;
 Lays the rough paths of peevish nature even,
 And opens in each heart a little heaven.

Each other gift, which GOD on man bestows,
 Its proper bounds and due restriction knows;
 To one fix'd purpose dedicates its power,
 And finishing its act, exists no more.
 Thus, in obedience to what heav'n decrees,
 Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall cease:
 But lasting Charity's more ample sway,
 Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
 In happy triumph shall for ever live,
 And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive.

As through the artist's intervening glass,
 Our eye perceives the distant planets pass,
 A little we discover; but allow
 That more remains unseen than art can show:
 So whilst our mind its knowledge would improve,
 (Its feeble eye intent on things above)

High as we may, we lift our reason up,
 By Faith directed, and confirm'd by Hope :
 Yet we are able only to survey
 Dawnings of beams and promises of day.
 Heav'n's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled sight ;
 Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light.

But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispell'd ;
 The sun shall soon be face to face beheld
 In all his robes, with all his glory on,
 Seated sublime on his meridian throne.

'Then constant Faith and holy Hope shall die,
 One lost in certainty, and one in joy:
 Whilst thou, more happy pow'r, fair Charity,
 Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,
 Thy office and thy nature still the same,
 Lasting thy lamp, and unconsum'd thy flame,
 Shalt still survive—————
 Shalt stand before the host of heaven confest,
 For ever blessing, and for ever blest.

THE
FRAILTY AND FOLLY OF MAN.

PRIOR.

GREAT Heav'n! how frail thy creature man is
 made!

How by himself insensibly betray'd!
 In our own strength unhappily secure,
 Too little cautious of the adverse pow'r;
 And by the blast of self-opinion mov'd,
 We wish to charm, and seek to be belov'd.
 On pleasure's flowing brink we idly stray,
 Masters as yet of our returning way:
 Seeing no danger, we disarm our mind;
 And give our conduct to the waves and wind:
 Then in the flow'ry mead, or verdant shade,
 To wanton dalliance negligently laid,
 We weave the chaplet, and we crown the bowl,
 And smiling see the nearer waters roll;
 Till the strong gusts of raging passion rise,
 Till the dire tempest mingles earth and skies;
 And swift into the boundless ocean borne,
 Our foolish confidence too late we mourn:
 Round our devoted heads the billows beat;
 And from our troubled view the lessen'd lands
 retreat.

CHRIST ABOVE ALL PRAISE.

PERRONET.

Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever.

HEB. i. 8.

THO' heaven's bright hosts with earth in concert
 join,
 Their voice ethereal, and their notes divine:
 Tho' myriad-worlds their whole oblations bring,
 And nature strikes the universal string:
 Tho' yet unform'd, unnumber'd orbs shall roll,
 And pour at once the thunder of their soul!
 Spread all the pow'rs of Harmony abroad,
 And concrete rise, to swell the grand applaud,
 Strength to their King, and Glory to their GOD!
 Yet would this high, this full accented choir,
 Tho' flush'd with all that being could inspire,
 Of transport's joy, or love's harmonic fire,
 In vain assay, the Infinite to raise,
 Exalt his greatness, or support his praise!
 Their utmost skill would disproportion'd prove,
 And shame their efforts, while it shew'd their love!
 Each foil'd attempt, diminish or debase
 The glorious theme, and seal its own disgrace.

His dazzling heights their soaring strains elude,
 And kind reproach their vent'rous gratitude.
 Their loud acclaim, tho' shook th' Olympian sky,
 In air dissolve, and hallelujahs die.
 No thund'ring echoes would the vaults resound;
 Nor echoing murmurs answer to the sound.
 Still as the night the loud acclaim would cease,
 And conscious blush suffuse creation's face.
 Lost from the moment that they first ascend,
 Would miss their object, tho' attain'd its end.
 In love receiv'd, who view'd their bold design,
 The praise might take, yet just preserve the line.
 Officious worlds their sacred distance keep,
 And vocal joy in awful silence keep;
 Sunk at his feet, with trembling homage own
 Their zeal—presumption, and their art outdone.
 The theme too mighty for creation's tongue,
 The seraph's ardour, or the cherub's song.
 As none but He, whose wisdom knows his pow'r,
 Can comprehend, or can himself adore:
 Define the nature, or prescribe the mode
 Of service due, or worship meet for GOD.
 Defective all the creature's utmost stretch,
 How wide their compass, or how high their reach.
 All short of him, who shuns created sight,
 And dwells in darkness from excess of light.

Known to himself—his own eternal theme ;
 Nor adds creation, nor detracts from him.
 To him alone existence owes her form,
 From tow'ring cherubs to the trodden worm.

'Twixt these compris'd creation's gradual plan*,
 And form'd between his fav'rite likeness, man †.
 Plac'd at the head of this terrestrial frame,
 He treads on dust, yet glows seraphic flame :
 In whose compound th' amazing contrasts meet,
 Heav'n in his eye, and nature at his feet.
 Monarch on earth, see earth her tribute bring,
 His GOD'S vicegerent and his creature's king :
 On whom conferr'd the high deputed sway,
 Creation waits to homage, or obey.

While he, who made, alike remov'd from all,
 Without compare his own original !
 Above all essence, as beyond all name ;
 In all things various, yet in all the same !
 And whom to liken is but to blaspheme !

* The difference of situation, abilities, and other prerogatives, may be compared to a gradual rise, or fall : but the essence of beings capable, and incapable, of knowing God, is different beyond all degrees, and admits of no comparison.

† With regard to man in his present state of probation, his situation is low ; but in the essence of his nature, and the kingdom prepared for him, the Scriptures give him the preference to all that is created.

Admits no change, nor bears gradation's forms,
 Nor more like angels than he is like worms.
 But as he made, can with his word destroy
 The sparkling cherub, or the spangling fly.
 With equal ease invert created modes;
 Make angels reptiles, or those reptiles gods.

Sole what he is, and all he will or can;
 And all he was, ere yet of old began
 Or stars to shine, or seasons to return;
 Ere sang creation, or its sons were born.
 LORD over all! Himself his first regard!
 And whom to worship is its own reward.
 The creatures honour and their high employ,
 His will their being, and his smile their joy.
 'Tis favour all, that deigns an ear to lend;
 While angels prostrate, or archangels bend.
 His height supreme, Himself alone can tell;
 And equal hard to rival as excel.
 Broad flames of light arobe his radiant seat,
 Heav'n is his throne, while earth receives his feet:
 To whom all creatures are as nothing seen:
 The mountains atoms, and those atoms men.
 Vain then the hope, and vain the attempt to raise
 An equal tribute to unequall'd praise!

Suffice for man—suffice for angels this,
 Who serves with trembling cannot serve amiss.

With lowly mind, self-emptied all and poor,
 May ask in hope, and hoping ask for more.
 With humble faith direct his ardent prayer,
 Present his wishes, or his thanks prefer.
 An offering pure and more accepted bring,
 Than harps can sound, or sweeps the chorded string.
 Their sighs harmonious, and their holy tears,
 Joy of his sight, and music in his ears.

Who saves the contrite, and resheaths his sword, }
 At once to favour, as to life restor'd, }
 Who fear his name, or tremble at his word. }
 More free to offer and more rich to give, }
 Than man to ask, or asking, to believe, }
 His pride confess, or unbelief conceive. }

Touch'd by his word, they catch the living flame,
 Hang on his cross, and shelter in his name.
 With faith approv'd, their whole burnt-off'rings lift,
 While flames the altar, and consumes the gift.
 From heav'n's bright lamp the hallow'd fire comes
 down,

Seizes on all, and wraps it to the throne :
 Where sits on high the LORD of Israel's hope,
 Who bare their sins, now bears their offerings up ;
 Well-pleas'd he smiles on what himself inspir'd,
 As found the service that his love requir'd.

Hail, sov'reign goodness! infinite and free :
 Thine eye the light, thy span immensity!

Thyself thy centre, and creation's soul!
 Whose vast circumf'rence circumscribes the whole;
 Extends o'er all its penetrating sway,
 And kindles darkness, or puts out the day.
 From whom conceal'd, no secret thoughts can rise,
 Escape thy notice, or deceive thine eyes,
 Known ere its birth, known ere in embryo warm'd,
 By words depictur'd, or in action form'd:
 Trac'd from its point thy spirit marks its course,
 Directs its motion or repels its force.

To gain some end, or frustrate some design,
 Alike thy justice and thy love combine.
 Searcher of hearts! to thee are equal known
 The minds of millions, as the mind of one.
 Who would not fear, who would not kiss thy hand?
 Fall at thy word, or rise at its command?

Hail, sov'reign Lord! by all thy works confess'd!
 By angels worshipp'd, and by saints address'd!
 Hail, sov'reign love! mysterious wisdom, hail!
 In whom the Father, and his fullness dwell!
 In whom the Godhead, and the man unite,
 Stamp of his form, and glory of his light!
 Come, and thy two-fold character maintain,
 Jehovah's equal, and the child of man!
 In whom complete, in thee completed shine,
 The GOD incarnate, and the man divine.

Mysterious truth! withheld from reason's eye:
 Outcast on earth! but wonder of the sky!

Hail, wondrous Cross*! and thou more wondrous
 He!

That cross who bore—Thyself its mystery!
 And borne for man!—a greater myst'ry still!
 But such thy love, and love's mysterious will!

Hail, wondrous chief! who can thy deeds explain?
 Their cause explore, or tell thy love for man?
 Found in thyself, from thee alone it flow'd,
 Read in thy death, as written with thy blood.
 That precious blood, that in its mingled stream
 Pour'd life for all thy merits could redeem,
 And this was all—not one of human kind,
 Who come refus'd, or asking may not find.
 'Tis far from thee, to spurn a hapless race,
 Reject the suppliant, or withhold thy grace.

Thy grace is his—who asks in thy great name,
 May ask for all, and with assurance claim
 The purchas'd pardon to believers giv'n,
 The seal of mercy, and the hope of heav'n.
 All-conqu'ring faith, determin'd to endure,
 And make its calling and election sure:
 That firm resists temptation unto blood;
 Of *self* divested, and espous'd to GOD.

* By the Cross is meant the sufferings of Christ on the cross.

Lives but for him, who liv'd for this alone,
 Form of our form, in fashion of his own,
 That GOD with man might live for ever one!

Hail, wondrous love! surpassing angels sight!
 Lost in its depth, and blinded by its light,
 Hail! thou in whom the wide extremes are seen,
 Of GOD Jehovah—and of man with men.
 All hail! in whom concentre all in one:
 Hail all thou art! and all that thou hast done!
 Unrivall'd yet, let all thy works adore;
 Who died a man, is GOD for evermore!

But utterance fails—our feeble spirits faint,
 Nor more thy person than thy passion paint.
 Supreme in both, in both supreme of all;
 Fountain of life, and love's original!
 Source of thyself, unmade and underiv'd;
 As self-existent, and as self-depriv'd.
 Conceiv'd and born, was crucify'd and dead:
 His creature's offspring, was creation's head.
 Life in himself, to take or to resign,
 In each as mortal, and in each divine.
 Hail then again—thy Spirit cries, “ All hail!”
 Tho' worlds despair, and all creation fail.

Yet kind permit, and with thy wonted love,
 Our weakness spare, nor in thy wrath reprove
 Our glowing zeal; but let thy goodness hear
 Our silence speak: what tho' our tongues forbear?

Our hearts shall muse, our raptur'd wonder feel,
 Our lives express, and life's obedience tell.
 Fix'd on this view our willing feet shall move,
 From earth's attraction, to our hope above.
 In all thy paths, in all thy precepts tread,
 Whate'er thy life, or written word hath said.
 In meek compliance with thy sov'reign will:
 In action fervid, and in suffering—*still*.
 Waiting thy call from earth's inglorious strife,
 To living joys, and heav'n's un-ending life.
 Sweetly compos'd, resign our parting breath,
 Answer thy smile, and hail the tyrant—Death.
 Launch undismay'd beyond the solar bound:
 With prophets number'd, and with martyrs found.
 Where wait the saints, for better things prepar'd,
 Their final glory, and their full reward.

Our bodies laid on earth's capacious breast,
 In peace shall slumber, and in hope shall rest,
 Till at thy trump we lift our waking eyes,
 Start from the tomb, and ready for the skies,
 Mount all renew'd, and as thine own divine,
 Our shining forms their kindred spirits join.

Till thus restor'd, our rising head we meet,
 Reign on his throne, or prostrate at his feet:
 In heav'n's high dome eternal trophies raise,
 Our joy consummate, and complete our praise:

Till in thy light thy future face we see,
 Shine in thy strength, and share thy dignity,
 Absorb'd, behold the scene thy love displays;
 Lost in its beams, and shadow'd by its rays,
 The growing wonders ev'ry moment view,
 For ever op'ning—and for ever new!

*PRESERVATION BY LAND AND
 SEA.*

A DIVINE ODE.

ADDISON.

How are thy servants blest, O LORD!
 How sure is their defence!
 Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
 Their help Omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
 Supported by thy care,
 Thro' burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
 And breath'd in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
 Made every region please,
 The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
 And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
 How with affrighted eyes
 Thou saw'st the wide extended deep
 In all its horrors rise!

Confusion dwelt in every face,
 And fear in every heart,
 When waves on waves, and gulfs in gulfs
 O'ercame the pilot's art.

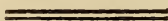
Yet then from all my griefs, O LORD!
 Thy mercy set me free,
 Whilst in the confidence of pray'r
 My soul took hold on thee;

For tho' in dreadful whirls we hung
 High on the broken wave,
 I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
 Nor impotent to save:

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,
 Obedient to thy will;
 The sea, that roar'd at thy command,
 At thy command was still.

In midst of danger, fear, and death,
 Thy goodness I'll adore,
 And praise thee for thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
 Thy sacrifice shall be;
 And death, if death must be my doom,
 Shall join my soul to thee.



A

SOLILOQUY.

ON THE

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

ADDISON.

IT must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well!
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality?
 Or whence this secret dread, this inward horror
 Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
 'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
 'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,

And intimates eternity to man.
 Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
 Through what variety of untry'd being,
 Through what new scenes and changes must we
 pass!

The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me;
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
 Here will I hold—If there's a Pow'r above us,
 (And that there is, all nature cries aloud
 Through all her works) He must delight in virtue;
 And that which He delights in must be happy.



A

PARAPHRASE

ON

PART OF THE NINETEENTH PSALM.

ADDISON.

THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, and shining frame,
 Their Great Original proclaim:
 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the list'ning earth
 Repeats the story of her birth :
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence, all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball !
 What though no real voice nor sound
 Amid their radiant orbs be found !
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice ;
 For ever singing as they shine,
 " The Hand that made us is divine."

THE

TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

ADDISON.

THE LORD my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care :
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye ;

My noon-day walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant;
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring steps He leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow,

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O LORD! art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

CARDINAL WOLSEY'S

LAMENTATION OF HIS FALL.

SHAKSPEARE.

FAREWELL, a long farewell to all my greatness!
 This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope: to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
 And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a rip'ning, nips his root:
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 These many summers, in a sea of glory,
 But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me; and now has left me
 Weary, and old with service, to the misery
 Of a rude stream, which must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
 I feel my heart new open'd. O how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
 There is, betwixt that smile which we aspire to,
 That sweet regard of princes and our ruin,
 More pangs and fears than war and women know;

And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.—
Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;
Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me,
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me must more be heard : say then, I taught thee
Say, Wolsey, that once rode the waves of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of this wreck, to rise in ;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Cromwell, I charge thee, throw away ambition ;
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man then
(The image of his Maker) hope to win by it ?
Love thyself last ; cherish those hearts that wait thee ;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy GOD'S, and truth's : then if thou fall'st, O
Cromwell !

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king ;
And, pr'ythee, lead me in——
There take an inventory of all I have,

To the last penny, 'tis the king's. My robe,
 And my integrity to Heaven, is all
 I now dare call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
 Had I but serv'd my GOD with half the zeal
 I serv'd my king, He would not in my age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

THE

MAN OF ROSS.

POPE.

BUT all our praises why should lords engross?
 Rise, honest muse! and sing the Man of Ross:
 Pleas'd Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
 And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
 Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
 From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
 Nor to the skies in useless columns tost,
 Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
 But clear and artless pouring through the plain
 Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
 Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
 Whose seats the weary traveller repose?

Who feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
 Where age and want sit smiling at the gate?
 Who taught that heav'n-directed spire to rise?
 The Man of Ross, each lisping babe replies.
 Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
 The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
 Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans, blest,
 The young who labour, and the old who rest.
 Is any sick? The Man of Ross relieves,
 Prescribes, attends, the med'cine takes and gives.
 Is there a variance? Enter but his door,
 Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
 Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
 And vile attornies, now an useless race.
 "Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
 "What all so wish, but want the pow'r to do.
 "O say, what sums that gen'rous hand supply?
 "What mines to swell that boundless charity?"
 Of debts and taxes, wife or children clear,
 This man possess'd—five hundred pounds a year.
 Blush, grandeur, blush; proud courts, withdraw
 your blaze:
 Ye *little stars!* hide your diminish'd rays.
 "And what! No monument, inscription, stone?
 "His race, his form, his name almost unknown?"
 Who builds a church to GOD, and not to fame,
 Will never mark the marble with his name.

ON

PROVIDENCE.

GOD works in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform:
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.

Ye feeble saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the **LORD** by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes are rip'ning fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But **WAIT** to smell the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain;
 GOD is *his own* Interpreter,
 And he shall make it plain.

ON THE WORDS,

“ If thou knewest who it is,” &c.

AT Jacob's well a stranger sought
 His ardent thirst to clear;
 Samaria's daughter little thought
 The FONT of LIFE so near:
 This had she known, her panting mind
 For LIVING DRAUGHTS had sigh'd;
 Nor had Messiah, ever kind,
 Those living draughts deny'd.
 And Jacob's Well (no glass so true)
 Britannia's image shows;
 Messiah travels Britain through,
 But who the Stranger knows?
 Yet Britain must the Stranger know,
 Or soon her loss deplore:
 Behold the living waters flow;
 Come drink, and thirst no more!

THE
DESERTED VILLAGE.

GOLDSMITH.

SWEET Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,
 Where health and plenty cheer'd the lab'ring swain,
 Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
 And parting summer's lingering bloom delay'd,
 Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
 Seats of my youth, when ev'ry sport could please.
 How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
 Where humble happiness endear'd each scene ;
 How often have I paus'd on every charm,
 The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
 The decent church that topt the neighb'ring hill,
 The hawthorn bush with seats beneath the shade,
 For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn ;
 Amidst thy bow'rs, the tyrant's hand is seen,
 And desolation saddens all thy green :
 One only master grasps the whole domain,
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain ;

No more the glassy brook reflects the day,
 But choak'd with sedges, works its weedy way
 Along thy glades a solitary guest,
 The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest:
 Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
 And tires their echoes with unvary'd cries.
 Sunk are thy bow'rs in shapeless ruin all,
 And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall,
 And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
 Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay!
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade:
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
 When once destroy'd, can never be supply'd.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
 When ev'ry rood of ground maintain'd its man;
 For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
 Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more.
 His best companions, innocence and health;
 And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
 Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;

Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
 Unwieldy wealth, and cumb'rous pomp repose;
 And ev'ry want to luxury ally'd,
 And ev'ry pang that folly pays to pride.
 Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
 Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
 Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful
 scene,
 Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
 These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
 And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
 Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
 Here as I take my solitary rounds,
 Amidst thy tangling walks, thy ruin'd grounds,
 And many a year elaps'd, return to view
 Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew:
 Here, as with doubtful, pensive steps I range,
 Trace ev'ry scene, and wonder at the change,
 Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
 Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
 In all my griefs—and GOD has giv'n my share——
 I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown;
 Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;

I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return——and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine!
How blest is he who crowns in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of peace!
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly.
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from his gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend:
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
His heav'n commences ere the world be past!

Sweet was the sound, when oft at ev'ning's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung;
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;

The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
 The playful children just let loose from school:
 The watch dog's voice, that bay'd the whisp'ring
 wind,

And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
 These all in soft confusion sought the shade,
 And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.

But now the sounds of population fail,
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale:
 No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
 But all the bloomy flush of life is fled,
 All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
 That feebly bends beside the plashy spring:
 She, wretched matron, forc'd, in age, for bread,
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
 To pick her wint'ry faggot from the thorn,
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
 She only left of all the harmless train,
 The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
 And still where many a garden flow'r grows wild;
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose,
 A man he was, to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year;

Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place ;
 Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour ;
 Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
 More bent to raise the wretched, than to rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant train,
 He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain ;
 The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending, swept his aged breast ;
 The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claim allow'd ;
 The broken soldier kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away ;
 Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were
 won.

Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side ;
 But in his duty prompt at ev'ry call,
 He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all.

And as a bird each fond endearment tries,
 To tempt his new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
 He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
 Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pains, by turns dismay'd,
 The rev'rend champion stood. At his controul,
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul,
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
 And his last fault'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorn'd the venerable place:
 Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
 And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
 The service past, around the pious man,
 With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran:
 Ev'n children follow'd with endearing wile,
 And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
 His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
 Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd;
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were giv'n,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heav'n.
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,

Though round its breast the rolling clouds are
 spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
 With blossom'd furze, unprofitably gay;
 There, in his noisy mansion skill'd to rule,
 The village master taught his little school:
 A man severe he was, and stern to view,
 I knew him well, and every truant knew;
 Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
 The day's disasters in his morning face;
 Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee,
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
 Full well the busy whisper circling round,
 Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd;
 Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault;
 The village all declar'd how much he knew,
 'Twas certain he could write and cypher too;
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
 And ev'n the story ran that he could guage:
 In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
 For ev'n though vanquish'd, he could argue still:
 While words of learned length, and thund'ring
 sound,
 Amaze the gazing rustics rang'd around;

And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
 That one small head could carry all he knew:
 But pass'd is all his fame. The very spot
 Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
 Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
 Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts
 inspir'd,

Where honest swains and smiling toil retir'd;
 Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
 And news much older than their ale went round.
 Imagination fondly stoops to trace
 The parlour splendors of that festive place;
 The white-wash'd wall, the nicely-sanded floor,
 The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
 The chest, contriv'd a double debt to pay,
 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
 The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
 The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
 The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
 With aspen boughs, and flow'rs, and fennel gay,
 While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
 Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
 These simple blessings of the lowly train,

To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
 One native charm than all the gloss of art;
 Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
 The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
 Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
 Unenvy'd, unmolested, unconfin'd.
 But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
 With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
 In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
 And, ev'n while fashion's brightest charms decoy,
 The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
 The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
 'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
 Between a splendid and a happy land.
 Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
 And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
 Hoards, e'en beyond the miser's wish, abound,
 And rich men flock from all the world around.
 Yet count our gains: this wealth is but a name
 That leaves our useful products still the same.
 Not so the loss: the man of wealth and pride
 Takes up a space that many poor supply'd;
 Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
 Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;

The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
 Has robb'd the neighb'ring fields of half their
 growth.

His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
 Around the world each needful product flies,
 For all the luxuries the world supplies.
 While thus the land adorn'd for pleasure all
 In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
 Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
 Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
 Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes:
 But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
 When time advances, and when lovers fail,
 She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
 In all the glaring impotence of dress.
 Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
 In nature's simplest charms at first array'd,
 But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
 Its vistas strike, its palaces surprize;
 While, scourg'd by famine from the smiling land,
 The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
 And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
 The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
 To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
 If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
 He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
 Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
 And ev'n the bare-worn common is deny'd.

If to the city sped, what waits him there?
 To see profusion that he must not share;
 To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
 To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
 To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
 Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
 Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
 There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
 Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomp
 display,
 There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
 The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
 Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train;
 Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
 The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare:
 Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
 Sure these denote one universal joy!
 Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah, turn thine
 eyes
 Where the poor, houseless, shivering female lies.

She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
 Has wept at tales of innocence distress;
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn:
 Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
 Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
 And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the
 show'r,
 With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour
 When idly first, ambitious of the town,
 She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, fair Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,
 Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
 Ev'n now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
 At poor men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah! no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
 Where half the convex world intrudes between,
 To torrid tracks with fainting steps they go,
 Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
 Far diff'rent there from all that charm'd before,
 The various terrors of that horrid shore.
 Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
 And fiercely shed intolerable day;
 Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
 But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;

Those pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
 Where the dark scorpion gathers death around:
 Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
 The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
 Where crouching tygers wait their hapless prey,
 And savage men more murd'rous still than they;
 While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
 Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
 Far diff'rent these from ev'ry former scene,
 The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,
 The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
 That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heav'n! what sorrows gloom'd that part-
 ing day,
 That call'd them from their native walks away;
 When the poor exiles, ev'ry pleasure past,
 Hung round their bow'rs, and fondly look'd their last,
 And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
 For seats like these beyond the western main,
 And shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
 Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep:
 The good old sire, that first prepar'd to go
 To new-found worlds, and wept for other's woe;
 But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
 He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
 His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
 The fond companion of his helpless years,

Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
 And left a lover's for her father's arms.
 With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
 And blest the cot where ev'ry pleasure rose;
 And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
 And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear:
 Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
 In all the decent manliness of grief.

O Luxury! thou curst by heaven's decree,
 How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee!
 How do thy potions with insidious joy
 Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
 Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
 Boast of a florid vigour not their own.
 At ev'ry draught more large and large they grow,
 A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe:
 Till sapp'd their strength, and ev'ry part unsound,
 Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Ev'n now the devastation is begun,
 And half the bus'ness of destruction done:
 Ev'n now, methinks, as pond'ring here I stand,
 I see the rural virtues leave the land.
 Down where yon anch'ring vessels spread the sail,
 That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
 Downward they move, a melancholy band,
 Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.

Contented toil, and hospitable care,
 And kind connubial tenderness are there;
 And piety with wishes plac'd above,
 And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
 And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
 Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
 Unfit in these degen'rate times of shame,
 To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
 Dear charming nymph, neglected and decry'd,
 My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
 Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
 -Thou found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
 Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
 Thou nurse of ev'ry virtue, fare thee well.
 Farewel; and O! where'er thy voice be try'd,
 On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
 Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
 Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
 Still let thy voice prevailing over time,
 Redress the rigors of th' inclement clime;
 And slighted truth, with thy persuasive strain,
 Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain:
 Teach him that states of native strength possess,
 Though very poor, may still be very blest;
 That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
 As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away:
 While self-dependent power can time defy,
 As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

FOUR ELEGIES;
 DESCRIPTIVE AND MORAL.

SCOTT.

ELEGY I.

WRITTEN AT THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

STERN Winter hence with all his train removes ;
 And cheerful skies and limpid streams are seen ;
 Thick-sprouting foliage decorates the groves ;
 Reviving herbage robes the fields in green.

Yet lovelier scenes shall crown th' advancing year,
 When blooming Spring's full bounty is display'd :
 The smile of beauty ev'ry vale shall wear ;
 The voice of song enliven ev'ry shade.

O fancy, paint not coming days too fair !
 Oft for the prospects sprightly MAY should yield,
 Rain-pouring clouds have darken'd all the air,
 Or snows untimely whiten'd o'er the field :

But should kind spring her wonted bounty show'r
 The smile of beauty and the voice of song ;
 If gloomy thought the human mind o'erpow'r,
 Ev'n vernal hours glide unenjoy'd along.

I shun the scenes where madd'ning passion raves,
 Where pride and folly high dominion hold,
 And unrelenting avarice drives her slaves
 O'er prostrate virtue, in pursuit of gold :

The grassy lane, the wood-surrounded field,
 The rude stone fence, with fragrant wall-flow'rs
 gay,
 The clay-built cot, to me more pleasure yield
 Than all the pomp imperial domes display :

And yet ev'n here, amid these secret shades,
 These simple scenes of unprov'd delight,
 Affliction's iron hand my breast invades,
 And death's dread dart is ever in my sight.

While genial suns to genial show'rs succeed,
 (The air all mildness, and the earth all bloom)
 While herds and flocks range sportive o'er the
 mead,
 Crop the sweet herb, and snuff the rich perfume ;

O why alone to hapless man deny'd
 To taste the bliss inferior beings boast?
 O why this fate, that fear and pain divide
 His few short hours on earth's delightful coast ?

Ah cease—no more of Providence complain!

'Tis sense of guilt that wakes the mind to woe,
Gives force to fear, adds energy to pain,
And palls each joy by Heav'n indulg'd below :

Why else the smiling infant-train so blest,
Ere dear-bought knowledge ends the peace within,
Or wild desire inflames the youthful breast,
Or ill propension ripens into sin ?

As to the bleating tenants of the field,
As to the sportive warblers on the trees,
To them their joys sincere the seasons yield,
And all their days and all their prospects please ;

Such joys were mine when from the peopled streets,
Where on THAMESIS' banks I liv'd immur'd,
The new-blown fields that breath'd a thousand
sweets,
To SURRY'S wood-crown'd hills my steps allur'd.

O happy hours, beyond recov'ry fled !

What share I now, “ that can your loss repay,”
While o'er my mind these glooms of thought are
spread,

And veil the light of life's meridian ray ?

Is there no pow'r this darkness to remove?
 The long-lost joys of EDEN to restore?
 Or raise our views to happier seats above,
 Where fear, and pain, and death, shall be no more?

Yes, those there are who know a SAVIOUR'S love
 The long-lost joys of EDEN can restore,
 And raise their views to happier seats above,
 Where fear, and pain, and death, shall be no more.

These grateful share the gift of nature's hand,
 And in the varied scenes that round them shine,
 (The fair, the rich, the awful, and the grand)
 Admire th' amazing workmanship divine.

Blows not a flow'ret in th' enamel'd vale,
 Shines not a pebble where the riv'let strays,
 Sports not an insect on the spicy gale,
 But claims their wonder and excites their praise.

For them ev'n vernal nature looks more gay,
 For them more lively hues the fields adorn;
 To them more fair the fairest smile of day,
 To them more sweet the sweetest breath of morn.

They feel the bliss that hope and faith supply;
 They pass serene th' appointed hours that bring
 The day that wafts them to the realms on high,
 The day that centers in eternal Spring.

ELEGY II.

WRITTEN IN THE HOT SUMMER, 1757.

THREE hours from noon the passing shadow shows,
 The sultry breeze glides faintly o'er the plains,
 The dazzling ether fierce and fiercer glows,
 And human nature scarce its rage sustains.

Now still and vacant is the dusty street,
 And still and vacant where yon fields extend,
 Save where those swains, opprest with toil and heat,
 The grassy harvest of the mead attend.

Lost is the lively aspect of the ground,
 Low are the springs, the reedy ditches dry;
 No verdant spot in all the vale is found,
 Save what yon stream's unfailing stores supply.

Where are the flow'rs that made the garden gay?
 Where is their beauty, where their fragrance fled?
 Their stems relax, fast fall their leaves away,
 They fade and mingle with their dusty bed.

All but the natives of the torrid zone,
 What AFRIC'S wilds, or PERU'S fields, display,
 Pleas'd with a clime that imitates their own,
 They lovelier bloom beneath the parching ray.

Where is wild nature's heart-reviving song,
 That fill'd in genial spring the verdant bow'rs?
 Silent in gloomy woods, the feather'd throng
 Pine thro' this long, long course of sultry hours.

Where is the dream of bliss by Summer brought?
 The walk along the riv'let-water'd vale?
 The field with verdure clad, with fragrance fraught,
 The sun mild-beaming, and the fanning gale?

The weary soul imagination cheers,
 Her pleasing colours paint the future gay;
 Time passes on, the truth itself appears,
 The pleasing colours instant fade away:

In diff'rent seasons diff'rent joys we place,
 And these shall Spring supply, and Summer these;
 Yet frequent storms the bloom of Spring deface,
 And Summer scarcely brings a day to please.

O for some secret, shady, cool recess!
 Some Gothic dome o'erhung with darksome trees,
 Where thick damp walls this raging heat repress,
 Where the long aisle invites the lazy breeze.

But why these plaints?—Amid his wastes of sand,
 Far more than this the wand'ring ARAB feels;
 Far more the INDIAN in COLUMBUS' land,
 While Phœbus o'er him rolls his fiery wheels:

Far more the sensible of mind sustains,
 Rack'd with the poignant pangs of fear or shame;
 The hopeless lover, bound in beauty's chains,
 And he, whom envy robs of hard-earn'd fame:

He, who a father or a mother mourns,
 Or lovely consort, lost in early bloom;
 He, whom the dreaded rage of fever burns,
 Or slow disease leads ling'ring to the tomb.

Lest man should sink beneath the present pain,
 Lest man should triumph in the present joy;
 For him th' unvarying "laws of Heaven ordain"
 Hope in his ills, and to his bliss alloy.

Fierce and oppressive is the sun we share,
 Yet not unuseful to our humid soil;
 Hence shall our fruits a richer flavour bear,
 Hence shall our plains with riper harvests smile:

Reflect, and be content—for mankind's good
 Heav'n gives the due degrees of drought or rain:
 To-morrow ceaseless show'rs may swell the flood,
 Nor soon yon sun rise blazing fierce again:

Ev'n now behold the grateful change at hand,
 Hark! in the east loud blust'ring gales arise;
 Wide, and more wide the dark'ning clouds expand,
 And distant lightnings flash along the skies.

O! in the awful concert of the storm,
 While hail and rain, and wind and thunder join!
 Let the Great Ruler's praise my song inform,
 Let wonder, rev'rence, gratitude, be mine.

ELEGY III.

WRITTEN IN HARVEST.

FAREWEL the pleasant violet-scented shade,
 The primros'd hill, and daisy-mantled mead,
 The furrow'd land with springing corn array'd,
 The sunny wall with bloomy branches spread;

Farewel the bow'r with blushing roses gay,
 Farewel the fragrant trefoil-purple'd field;
 Farewel the walk through rows of new-mown hay,
 When ev'ning breezes mingled odours yield;

Farewel to these:—now round the lonely farms,
 Where jocund plenty deigns to fix her seat;
 Th' autumnal landscape, op'ning all its charms,
 Declares kind nature's annual work complete.

In diff'rent parts what diff'rent views delight,
 Where on neat ridges wave the golden grain ;
 Or where the bearded barley, dazzling white,
 Spreads o'er the steepy slope or wide champaign.

The smile of morning gleams along the hills,
 And wakeful labour calls her sons abroad ;
 They leave with cheerful looks their lowly vills,
 And bid the fields resign their ripen'd load.

To various tasks address the rustic band,
 And here the scythe, and there the sickle wield :
 Or rear the new-bound sheaves along the land ;
 Or range in heaps the produce of the field.

Some build the shocks, some load the spacious wains,
 Some lead to shelt'ring barns the fragrant corn ;
 Some form tall ricks, that tow'ring o'er the plains,
 For many a mile the rural yards adorn.

Th' inclosure gates thrown open all around,
 The stubble's peopled by the gleaning throng ;
 The rattling car with verdant branches crown'd,
 And joyful swains that raise the clam'rous song.

Soon mark glad harvest o'er.—Ye rural lords,
 Whose wide domains o'er ALBION'S isle extend ;
 Think whose kind hand your annual wealth affords,
 And bid to Heav'n your grateful praise ascend.

For tho' no gift spontaneous of the ground,
 Rose these fair crops that made your vallies
 smile,

Tho' the blythe youth of ev'ry hamlet round,
 Pursu'd for these thro' many a day their toil;

Yet what avail your labours or your cares?
 Can all your labours or your cares, supply
 Bright suns, or soft'ning show'rs, or tepid airs,
 Or one indulgent influence of the sky?

For Providence decrees that we obtain
 With toil, each blessing destin'd to our use;
 But means to teach us that our toil is vain,
 If He the bounty of his hand refuse.

Yet, ALBION, blame not what thy crime demands,
 While this sad truth the blushing muse betrays,
 More frequent echoes o'er thy harvest lands
 The voice of riot than the voice of praise.

Prolific tho' thy fields, and mild thy clime,
 Know realms, once fam'd for fields and climes
 as fair,
 Have fell the prey of famine, war, and time.
 And now no semblance of their glory bear.

Ask PALESTINE, proud ASIA'S early boast, [oil,
 Where now the groves that pour'd her wine and
 Where the fair towns that crown'd her wealthy coast,
 Where the glad swains that till'd her fertile soil?

Ask, and behold, and mourn her hapless fall;
 Where rose fair towns, where wav'd the golden
 grain,
 Thrown on the naked rock and mould'ring wall,
 Pale Want and Ruin hold their dreary reign.

Where JORDAN'S vallies smil'd in living green,
 Where SHARON'S flowers disclos'd their varied
 hues;
 The wand'ring pilgrim views the alter'd scene,
 And drops the tear of pity as he views.

Ask GRECIA, mourning o'er her ruin'd tow'rs;
 Where now the prospects charm'd her bards of old,
 Her corn-clad mountains, and Elysian bow'rs;
 And silver streams thro' fragrant meadows roll'd?

Where freedom's praise along the vale was heard,
 And town to town return'd the fav'rite sound;
 Where patriot war her awful standard rear'd,
 And brav'd the millions PERSIA pour'd around;

There freedom's praise no more the valley cheers,
 There patriot war no more her banner waves;
 Nor bard, nor sage, nor martial chief appears,
 But stern barbarians rule a land of slaves.

Of mighty realms are such the poor remains,
 Of mighty realms that fell when mad with pow'r,
 They lur'd each vice to revel on their plains;
 Each monster doom'd their offspring to devour!

O ALBION! wouldst thou shun their mournful fates,
 To shun their follies and their crimes be thine;
 And woo to linger in thy fair retreats,
 The radiant Virtues, progeny divine!

Bright Truth, the noblest of the sacred band,
 Sweet Peace, whose brow no ruffling frown de-
 forms,
 Fair Charity, with ever open hand,
 And Courage, smiling 'midst a thousand storms.

O haste to grace our Isle, ye lovely train!
 So may the Pow'r whose hand all blessing yields,
 Give her fam'd glories ever to remain,
 And crown with annual wealth her laughing fields.

ELEGY IV.

WRITTEN AT THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

THE sun far southward bends his annual way,
 The bleak north-east wind lays the forest bare,
 The fruit ungather'd quits the naked spray,
 And dreary Winter reigns o'er earth and air.

No mark of vegetable life is seen,
 No bird to bird repeats his tuneful call;
 Save the dark leaves of some rude evergreen,
 Save the lone red-breast on the moss-grown wall.

Where are the sprightly scenes by Spring supply'd,
 The May-flower'd hedges scenting ev'ry breeze;
 The white flocks scatt'ring o'er the mountain side,
 The woodlark warbling on the blooming trees?

Where is gay Summer's sportive insect train,
 That in green fields on painted pinions play'd?
 The herd at morn wide-pasturing o'er the plain,
 Or throng'd at noon-tide in the willow'd shade?

Where is brown Autumn's ev'ning, mild and still,
 What time the ripen'd corn fresh fragrance yields,
 What time the village peoples all the hill,
 And loud shouts echo o'er the harvest fields?

To former scenes our fancy thus returns,
 To former scenes that little pleas'd when here!
 Our Winter chills us, and our Summer burns,
 Yet we dislike the changes of the year.

To happier lands then restless fancy flies, [flow;
 Where INDIAN streams thro' green savannahs
 Where brighter suns and ever-tranquil skies,
 Bid new fruits ripen, and new flow'rets blow.

Let truth these fairer happier lands survey,
 There half the year descends in wat'ry storms;
 Or nature sickens in the blaze of day,
 And one brown hue the sun-burnt plain deforms.

There oft as toiling in the maizy fields,
 Or homeward passing on the shadeless way,
 His joyless life the weary lab'rer yields,
 And instant drops beneath the deathful ray.

Who dreams of nature free from nature's strife?
 Who dreams of constant happiness below?
 The hope-flush'd ent'rer on the stage of life;
 The youth to knowledge unchastis'd by woe.

For me, long toil'd on many a weary road,
 Led by false hope in search of many a joy;
 I find in earth's bleak clime no blest abode,
 No place, no season sacred from annoy.

For me, while Winter rages round the plains,
 With his dark days I'll human life compare;
 Not those more fraught with clouds, and winds, and
 rains,
 Than this with pining pain and anxious care.

O whence this wond'rous turn of mind our fate!
 Whate'er the season or the place possest,
 We ever murmur at our present state;
 And yet the thought of parting breaks our rest:

Why else, when heard in ev'ning's solemn gloom,
 Does the sad knell that, sounding o'er the plain,
 Tolls some poor lifeless body to the tomb,
 Thus thrill my breast with melancholy pain?

The voice of reason echoes in my ear,
 Thus thou ere long must join thy kindred clay;
 No more these "nostrils breathe the vital air,"
 No more these eyelids open on the day.

O Winter, round me spread thy joyless reign,
 Thy threat'ning skies in dusky horrors drest!
 Of thy dread rage no longer I'll complain,
 Nor ask an EDEN for a transient guest.

Enough has Heaven indulg'd of joy below,
 To tempt our tarriance in this lov'd retreat:
 Enough has Heaven ordain'd of useful woe,
 To make us languish for a happier seat.

There is, who deems all climes, all seasons fair,
 There is, who knows no restless passion's strife;
 Contentment, smiling at each idle care;
 Contentment, thankful for the gift of life;

She finds in Winter many a scene to please;
 The morning landscape fring'd with frost-work
 gay,
 The sun at noon seen through the leafless trees,
 The clear calm ether at the close of day.

She marks th' advantage storms and clouds bestow,
 When blust'ring CAURUS purifies the air,
 When moist AQUARIUS pours the fleecy snow,
 That makes th' impregnate glebe a richer harvest
 bear:

She bids for all our grateful praise arise
 To him whose mandate spake the world to form;
 Gave Spring's gay bloom, and Summer's cheerful
 skies,
 And Autumn's corn-clad field, and Winter's sound-
 ing storm.

HYMN,

FROM PSALM VIII.

ALMIGHTY Pow'r, amazing are thy ways!
 Above our knowledge, and above our praise!
 How all thy works thy excellence display;
 How fair, how great, how wonderful are they!
 Thy hand yon wide-extended heaven up-rais'd,
 Yon wide-extended heaven with stars emblaz'd,
 Where each bright orb, since time his course begun,
 Has roll'd a mighty world, or shin'd a sun:
 Stupendous thought! how sinks all human race!
 A point, an atom in the field of space!
 Yet ev'n to us, O LORD, thy care extends,
 Thy bounty feeds us, and thy pow'r defends;
 Yet ev'n to us, as delegates of Thee,
 Thou giv'st dominion over land and sea;
 Whate'er or walks on earth, or flits in air,
 Whate'er of life the wat'ry regions bear;
 All these are ours, and for th' extensive claim,
 We owe due homage to thy Sacred Name!
 Almighty Pow'r! how wond'rous are thy ways!
 How far above our knowledge and our praise!

AN ELEGY,

DESCRIBING THE

SORROW OF AN INGENUOUS MIND,

ON THE

MELANCHOLY EVENT OF A LICENTIOUS AMOUR.

SHENSTONE.

WHY mourns my friend? why weeps his down-
cast eye?

That eye where mirth, where fancy us'd to shine;
Thy cheerful meads reprove that swelling sigh;
Spring ne'er enamel'd fairer meads than thine.

Art thou not lodg'd in fortune's warm embrace?
Wert thou not form'd by nature's partial care?
Bless'd in thy song, and bless'd in ev'ry grace
That wins the friend, and that enchants the fair?

Damon, said he, thy partial praise restrain;
Not Damon's friendship can my peace restore;
Alas! his very praise awakes my pain,
And my poor wounded bosom bleeds the more.

For O! that nature on my birth had frown'd!
 Or fortune fix'd me to some lowly cell!
 Then had my bosom 'scap'd this fatal wound,
 Nor had I bid these vernal sweets farewell.

But led by fortune's hand, her darling child,
 My youth her vain licentious bliss admir'd;
 In fortune's train the syren flatt'ry smil'd,
 And rashly hallow'd all her queen inspir'd.

Of folly studious, ev'n of vices vain,
 Ah, vices! gilded by the rich and gay!
 I chas'd the guileless daughters of the plain!
 Nor dropp'd the chase till Jessy was my prey.

Poor artless maid! to stain thy spotless name,
 Expence, and art, and toil, united strove;
 To lure a breast that felt the purest flame,
 Sustain'd by virtue, but betray'd by love.

School'd in the science of love's mazy wiles,
 I cloth'd each feature with affected scorn;
 I spoke of jealous doubts, and fickle smiles,
 And feigning, left her anxious and forlorn.

Then, while the fancy'd rage alarm'd her care,
 Warm to deny, and zealous to disprove;
 I bade my words their wonted softness wear,
 And seiz'd the minute of returning love.

To thee, my Damon, dare I paint the rest?
 Will yet thy love a candid ear incline?
 Assur'd that virtue, by misfortune prest,
 Feels not the sharpness of a pang like mine.

Nine envious moons matur'd her growing shame!
 Ere while to flaunt it in the face of day;
 When scorn'd of virtue, stigmatiz'd by fame,
 Low at my feet desponding Jessy lay.

“ Henry,” she said, “ by thy dear form subdu'd,
 See the sad relics of a nymph undone;
 I find, I find this rising sob renew'd:
 I sigh in shades, and sicken at the sun.

Amid the dreary gloom of night I cry,
 When will the morn's once pleasing scenes return?
 Yet what can morn's returning ray supply,
 But foes that triumph, or but friends that mourn?

Alas! no more the joyous morn appears
 That led the tranquil hours of spotless fame!
 For I have steep'd a father's couch in tears,
 And ting'd a mother's glowing cheek with shame.

The vocal birds that raise their matin strain,
 The sportive lambs increase my pensive moan;
 All seem to chase me from the cheerful plain,
 And talk of truth and innocence alone.

If through the garden's flow'ry tribes I stray,
 Where bloom the jes'mins that could once allure,
 Hope not to find delight in us, they say,
 For we are spotless, Jessy, we are pure.

Ye flow'rs! that well reproach a nymph so frail,
 Say, could you with my virgin-fame compare?
 The brightest bud that scents the vernal gale,
 Was not so fragrant, and was not so fair.

Now the grave old alarm the gentler young;
 And all my fame's abhorr'd contagion flee;
 Trembles each lip, and falters ev'ry tongue,
 That bids the morn propitious smile on me.

Thus for your sake I shun each human eye:
 I bid the sweets of blooming youth adieu;
 To die I languish, but I dread to die,
 Lest my sad fate should nourish pangs for you.

Raise me from earth; the pains of want remove,
 And let me silent seek some friendly shore;
 There, only banish'd from the form I love,
 My weeping virtues shall relapse no more.

Be but my friend! I ask no dearer name;
 Be such the meed of some more artful fair:
 Nor could it heal my peace, or chase my shame,
 That pity gave what love refus'd to share.

Force not my tongue to ask its scanty bread,
 Nor hurl thy Jessy to the vulgar crew:
 Not so the parent's board at which I fed!
 Not such the precept from his lips I drew!

Haply, when age has silver'd o'er my hair,
 Malice may learn to scorn so mean a spoil:
 Envy may slight a face no longer fair;
 And pity welcome to my native soil."

She spoke——nor was I born of savage race;
 Nor could these hands a niggard boon assign;
 Grateful she clasp'd me in a last embrace,
 And vow'd to waste her life in pray'rs for mine.

I saw her foot the lofty bark ascend;
 I saw her breast with ev'ry passion heave;
 I left her, torn from ev'ry earthly friend;
 O! hard my bosom, which could bear to leave.

Brief let me be; the fatal storm arose;
 The billows rag'd; the pilot's art was vain:
 O'er the tall mast the circling surges close;
 My Jessy floats upon the wat'ry plain!

And——see my youth's impetuous fires decay;
 Seek not to stop reflection's bitter tear;
 But warn the frolic, and instruct the gay,
 From Jessy floating on her wat'ry bier!

THE
HERMIT.

PARNELL.

FAR in a wild unknown to public view,
From youth to age a rev'rend Hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
Remote from man, with GOD he pass'd his days,
Pray'r all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heaven itself, till one suggestion rose;
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost:
So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answ'ring colours glow:
But if a stone the gentle scene divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry side,
And glimm'ring fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
 To find if books, or swains, report it right;
 (For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
 Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
 He quits his cell, the pilgrim-staff he bore,
 And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;
 Then with the sun a rising journey went,
 Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
 And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
 But when the southern wind had warm'd the day,
 A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
 His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
 And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
 Then near approaching, Father, hail! he cry'd;
 And hail, my son! the rev'rend sire reply'd:
 Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
 And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road:
 Till each with other pleas'd, and loath to part,
 While in their age they differ, join in heart;
 Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
 Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
 Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey;
 Nature in silence bid the world repose;
 When near the road a stately palace rose:

There by the moon thro' ranks of trees they pass,
 Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass;
 It chanc'd the noble master of the dome
 Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home:
 Yet still the kindness, from a thrift of praise,
 Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
 The pair arrive: the livery'd servants wait,
 Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
 The table groans with costly piles of food,
 And all is more than hospitably good.
 Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
 Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
 Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
 Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
 And shake the neighb'ring wood to banish sleep.
 Up rise the guests, obedient to the call;
 An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;
 Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
 Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
 Then pleas'd and thankful from the porch they go;
 And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe:
 His cup was vanish'd, for in secret guise
 The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
 Glist'ning and basking in the summer-ray,

Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
 Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear;
 So seem'd the sire: when far upon the road,
 The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.
 He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling
 heart,
 And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part:
 Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
 That gen'rous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
 The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
 A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
 And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
 Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat,
 To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat.
 'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
 And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
 Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,
 Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.
 As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
 Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
 The nimble light'ning, mix'd with show'rs, began,
 And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.
 Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
 Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
 At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,
 ('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest).

Slow creaking turn'd the door with jealous care,
 And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair;
 One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
 And nature's fervor thro' their limbs recalls;
 Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,
 (Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine:
 And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
 A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring hermit view'd
 In one so rich, a life so poor and rude:
 And why should such, within himself he cry'd,
 Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
 But what new marks of wonder soon took place,
 In ev'ry settling feature in his face!
 When from his vest the young companion bore
 That cup, the gen'rous landlord own'd before;
 And paid profusely with the precious bowl
 The stinted kindness of this churlish soul.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
 The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
 A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
 And glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day;
 The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
 And the glad master bolts the wary gate.
 While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
 With all the travails of uncertain thought;

His partner's acts without their cause appear,
 'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here:
 Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
 Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,
 Again the wand'ers want a place to lie,
 Again they search, and find a lodging nigh. }
 The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat, }
 And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
 It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
 Content, and not for praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
 Then bless the mansion, and the master greet:
 Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise
 The courteous master hears, and thus replies:

Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
 To Him who gives us all, I yield a part;
 From Him you come, from Him accept it here,
 A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.
 He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
 Then talk'd of virtue till the hour of bed,
 When the grave houshold round his hall repair,
 Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r.

At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
 Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose;

Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
 Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
 And writh'd its neck: the landlord's little pride;
 O strange return! grew black, and grasp'd, and dy'd.
 Horror of horrors! What! his only son!
 How look'd our hermit when the fact was done?
 Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in sunder part,
 And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
 He flies, but trembling, fails to fly with speed.
 His steps the youth pursues; the country lay
 Perplex'd with roads, a servant shew'd the way;
 A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
 Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
 Long arms of oak an open bridge supply'd,
 And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
 The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
 Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in;
 Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
 Then plashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
 He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
 Detested wretch!—But scarce his speech began,
 When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:
 His youthful face grew more serenely sweet,
 His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;

Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair ;
 Celestial odours breathe through purpled air ;
 And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
 Wide at his back their gradual plumes display,
 The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
 And moves in all the majesty of light.

Tho' loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
 Sudden he gaz'd, and knew not what to do ;
 Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
 And in a calm his settling temper ends.
 But silence here the beauteous angel broke,
 (The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke.)

Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
 In sweet memorial rise before the throne :
 These charms, success in our bright region find,
 And force an angel down, to calm thy mind ;
 For this commission'd, I forsook the sky,
 Nay, cease to kneel—Thy fellow-servant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,
 And let these scruples be no longer thine.

The Maker justly claims that world he made,
 In this the right of Providence is laid ;
 Its sacred majesty through all depends
 On using second means to work his ends :

'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
 The Power exerts his attributes on high,
 Your actions uses, nor controuls your will,
 And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

What strange events can strike with more surprize
 Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring eyes?
 Yet taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
 And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!

The great vain man, who far'd on costly food,
 Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
 Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,
 And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,
 Has, with the cup, this graceless custom lost,
 And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
 Ne'er mov'd in pity to the wand'ring poor;
 With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
 That Heav'n can bless, if mortals will be kind.
 Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
 And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
 Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
 With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
 In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
 And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.

Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
 But now the child half wean'd his heart from GOD;
 (Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
 And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
 To what excesses had his dotage run!
 But GOD, to save the father, took the son.
 To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
 (And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow)
 The poor fond parent humbled in the dust,
 Now owns, in tears, the punishment was just.

But how had all his fortune felt a wrack,
 Had that false servant sped in safety back!
 This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
 Then what a fund of charity would fail!

Thus Heav'n instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
 Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
 The sage stood wond'ring as the seraph flew.
 Thus look'd Elisha when to mount on high,
 His master took the chariot of the sky:
 The fiery pomp ascending, left the view;
 The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.
 The bending hermit here a pray'r begun,
Lord! as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done.
 Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
 And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

A

NIGHT-PIECE ON DEATH.

PARNELL.

By the blue taper's trembling light,
 No more I waste the wakeful night,
 Intent with endless view to pore
 The schoolmen and the sages o'er:
 Their books from wisdom widely stray,
 Or point at best the longest way.
 I'll seek a readier path, and go
 Where wisdom's surely taught below.

How deep yon azure dyes the sky!
 Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,
 While through their ranks in silver pride
 The nether crescent seems to glide.
 The slumb'ring breeze forgets to breathe,
 The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
 Where once again the spangled show
 Descends to meet our eyes below.
 The grounds which on the right aspire,
 In dimness from the view retire:
 The left presents a place of graves,
 Whose walls the silent water laves.

That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
 Among the livid gleams of night.
 There pass with melancholy state,
 By all the solemn heaps of fate,
 And think as softly sad you tread
 Above the venerable dead,
Time was, like thee they life possess,
And time shall be, that thou shalt rest.

Those graves with bending osier bound,
 That nameless heave the crumbled ground,
 Quick to the glancing thought disclose
 Where toil and poverty repose.

The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
 (The chissel's slender help to fame,
 Which ere our set of friends decay,
 Their frequent steps may wear away;)
 A middle race of mortals own,
 Men half ambitious, all unknown.

The marble tombs that rise on high,
 Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
 Whose pillars swell with sculptur'd stones,
 Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,
 These, all the poor remains of state,
 Adorn the rich, or praise the great;

Who, while on earth, in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.

Ha! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The bursting earth unveils the shades!
All slow, and wan, and wrapp'd with shrouds,
They rise in visionary crowds,
And all with sober accent cry,
Think, mortal, what it is to die!

Now from yon black and fun'ral yew
That bathes the charnel house with dew,
Methinks I hear a voice begin;
(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din,
Ye tolling clocks, no time resound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground)
It sends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus speaking from among the bones.

When men my scythe and dart supply,
How great a king of fears am I!
They view me like the last of things;
They make, and then they dread my stings.
Fools! if you less provok'd your fears,
No more my spectre-form appears.
Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to GOD:

A port of calms, a state of ease,
From the rough rage of swelling seas.

Why then thy flowing sable stoles,
Deep pendant cypress, mourning poles,
Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn hearses, cover'd steeds,
And plumes of black, that, as they tread,
Nod o'er th' escutcheons of the dead?

Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the soul those forms of woe:
As men who long in prison dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their suffering years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glitt'ring sun:
Such joy, though far transcending sense,
Have pious souls at parting hence.
On earth, and in the body plac'd,
A few and evil years, they waste;
But when their chains are cast aside,
See the glad scene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad wing, and tow'r away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.

MESSIAH.

POPE.

YE nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
 To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.
 The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
 The dreams of Pindus, and the Aonian maids,
 Delight no more—O thou, my voice inspire,
 Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!

Wrapt into future times the bard begun,
 A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a Son!
 From Jessé's root behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies:
 Th' æthereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descend the mystic dove.
 Ye heav'ns! from high the dewy nectre pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!
 The sick and weak, the healing plant shall aid,
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
 Returning justice lift aloft her scale;
 Peace o'er the world her olive-wand extend,
 And white-rob'd innocence from heav'n descend.

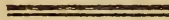
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn;
 O spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
 See nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring:
 See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance,
 See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
 And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies:
 Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers!
 Prepare the way! A GOD, a GOD appears!
 A GOD! a GOD! the vocal hills reply,
 The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity;
 Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
 Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye valleys, rise;
 With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
 Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
 The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold;
 Hear him, ye deaf, and, all ye blind, behold.
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day;
 'Tis he th' obstructed path of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear;
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap, exulting, like the bounding roe.
 No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear,
 From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.

In adamantine chains shall death be bound,
 And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
 As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,
 Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms:
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
 The promis'd father of the future age.
 No more shall nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the proud faulchion in a ploughshare end:
 Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
 Shall finish what his short-liv'd sire begun;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
 And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
 The swain in barren deserts with surprise
 Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
 And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
 New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.

Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
 The spiry fir, and shapely box adorn;
 To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palm succeed,
 And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
 The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
 And boys in flow'ry bands the tyger lead;
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk, and speckled snake;
 Pleas'd, the green lustre of the scales survey,
 And with their forky tongues shall innocently play.

Rise, crown'd with light, imperial SALEM, rise!
 Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
 See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
 In crowding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
 See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
 And heap'd with product of Sabæan springs!
 For thee Idumé's spicy forests blow,
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
 See Heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day!

No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn;
 But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
 O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
 Reveal'd, and GOD's eternal day be thine!
 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
 But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains;
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns.



AN

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

GRAY.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;





*Yet e'en those bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
Deck'd with uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.*

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her ev'ning care;
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
 How jocund did they drive their team afield!
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike th' inevitable hour,
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, to these impute the fault,
 If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can story'd urn, or animated bust,
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
 Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or flatt'ry soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
 Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
 Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
 Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
 Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
 Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learnt to stray;
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply;
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires,
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
 Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 " Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
 " Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 " To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

" There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 " That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 " His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
 " And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

- “ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 “ Mutt’ring his wayward fancies, he would rove;
 “ Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
 “ Or craz’d with care, or cross’d in hopeless love.

 “ One morn I miss’d him on th’ accustom’d hill,
 “ Along the heath, and near his fav’rite tree;
 “ Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
 “ Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

 “ The next, with dirges due in sad array,
 “ Slow thro’ the church-yard path we saw him
 “ borne.
 “ Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
 “ Grav’d on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”



THE EPITAPH.

- “ HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth,
 “ A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
 “ Fair science frown’d not on his humble birth,
 “ And melancholy mark’d him for her own.

 “ Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 “ Heav’n did a recompence as largely send:
 “ He gave to mis’ry all he had, a tear,
 “ He gain’d from heav’n (’twas all he wish’d)
 “ a friend.

“ No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 “ Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 “ (There they alike in trembling hope repose)
 “ The bosom of his Father and his GOD.”



TO THE
 RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE EARL OF WARWICK,
 ON THE DEATH OF MR. ADDISON.

TICKELL.

IF, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath staid,
 And left her debt to Addison unpaid,
 Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,
 And judge, O judge, my bosom by your own.
 What mourner ever felt poetic fires!
 Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires:
 Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
 Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.

Can I forget the dismal night, that gave
 My soul's best part for ever to the grave?

How silent did his old companions tread,
 By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
 Thro' breathing statues, then unheeded things,
 Thro' rows of warriors, and thro' walks of kings.
 What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire!
 The pealing organ, and the solemn choir:
 The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate paid,
 And the last words that dust to dust convey'd.
 While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
 Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend;
 O, gone for ever, take this long adieu;
 And sleep in peace, next thy lov'd Montague!

To strew fresh laurels, let the task be mine,
 A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine;
 Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
 And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
 If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
 May shame afflict this alienated heart!
 Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
 My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue,
 My grief be doubled, from thy image free,
 And mirth a torment unchastis'd by thee.

Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
 (Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown)
 Along the walls where speaking marbles show
 What worthies form'd the hallow'd mould below:

Proud names who once the reins of empire held ;
 In arms who triumph'd, or in art excell'd ;
 Chiefs, grac'd with scars ; and prodigal of blood ;
 Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood ;
 Just men, by whom impartial laws were giv'n :
 And saints who taught and led the way to heav'n.
 Ne'er to these chambers where the mighty rest,
 Since their foundation, came a nobler guest ;
 Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd
 A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.

In what new region, to the just assign'd,
 What new employments please th' unbod'yd mind ?
 A winged virtue thro' th' æthereal sky,
 From world to world unweary'd does he fly,
 Or curious trace the long laborious maze
 Of Heaven's decrees, where wond'ring angels gaze ?
 Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
 How Michael battled, and the Dragon fell ?
 Or mix'd with milder cherubim to glow
 In hymns of love, not ill essay'd below ?
 Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind ;
 A task well suited to thy gentle mind ?
 O, if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
 To me thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend !
 When age misguides me, or when fear alarms,
 When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,

In silent whisp'rings purer thoughts impart,
 And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
 Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
 Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.
 That awful form (which, so the heav'ns decree,
 Must still be lov'd, and still deplor'd by me)
 In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
 Or, rous'd by fancy, meets my waking eyes.
 If bus'ness calls, or crowded courts invite,
 Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight;
 If pensive to the rural shades I rove,
 His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove:
 'Twas there of just and good he reason'd strong,
 Clear'd some great truths, or rais'd some serious
 song;
 There patient show'd us the wise course to steer,
 A candid censor, and a friend sincere;
 There taught us how to live; and (O! too high
 The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

Thou hill, whose brow the antique structure grace,
 Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
 Why, once so lov'd, whene'er thy bow'r appears,
 O'er my dim eye-balls glance the sudden tears!
 How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
 Thy sloping walks and unpolluted air!

How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
 Thy noon-tide shadow, and thy ev'ning breeze!
 His image thy forsaken bow'rs restore;
 Thy walks and airy prospects are no more;
 No more the summer in thy gloom's allay'd,
 Thy ev'ning breezes, and thy noon-day shade.

From other ills, however fortune frown'd,
 Some refuge in the Muse's art I found;
 Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,
 Bereft of him who taught me how to sing;
 And these sad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
 Betray that absence they attempt to mourn.
 O! must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,
 And Craggs in death to Addison succeeds)
 The verse, begun to one lost friend, prolong,
 And weep a second in th' unfinish'd song!
 These words divine, which, on his death-bed laid,
 To thee, O Craggs, th' expiring sage convey'd,
 Great, but ill-omen'd monument of fame,
 Nor he surviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.
 Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
 And close to his, how soon thy coffin lies.
 Blest pair, whose union future bards shall tell
 In future tongues; each other's boast! farewell.
 Farewel! whom join'd in fame, in friendship try'd,
 No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.

REFLECTIONS.

BY A CLERGYMAN IN VIRGINIA,

Returning home from his Duty in a very gloomy Night.

COME, heav'nly pensive contemplation, come,
 Possess my soul, and solemn thoughts inspire!
 The sacred hours, that with too swift a wing
 Incessant hurry by, nor quite elaps'd,
 Demand a serious close; then be my soul
 Sedate and solemn, as this gloom of night
 That thickens round me. Free from care, compos'd
 Be all my soul, as this dread solitude,
 Thro' which with gloomy joy I make my way.
 Above these clouds, above the spacious sky,
 In whose vast arch these cloudy oceans roll,
 Dispensing fatness to the world below,
 There dwells the MAJESTY, whose single hand
 Props universal nature, and who deals
 His liberal blessings to this little globe,
 The residence of worms; where Adam's sons,
 Thoughtless of him who taught their souls to think,
 Ramble in vain pursuits. The hosts of heav'n,
 Cherubs and seraphs, potentates and thrones,
 Array'd in glorious light, hover on wing

Before his throne, and wait his sov'reign nod :
 With active zeal, with sacred rapture fir'd,
 To his extensive empire's utmost bound
 They bear his orders, and his charge perform.
 Yet He, e'en He (ye ministers of flame,
 Admire the condescension and the grace!)
 Employs a mortal form'd of meanest clay,
 Debas'd by sin, whose best desert is hell,
 Employs him to proclaim a SAVIOUR'S name,
 And offer pardon to a rebel world.
 This day my tongue, the glory of my frame,
 Enjoy'd the honour of his advocate :
 Immortal souls, of more transcendent worth
 Than Ophir, or Peru's exhaustless mines,
 Are trusted to my care. Important trust!
 What if some wretched soul, (tremendous thought!)
 Once favour'd with the gospel's joyful sound,
 Now lost, for ever lost through my neglect,
 In dire infernal glooms, with flaming tongue,
 Be heaping execrations on my head,
 Whilst here secure I dream my life away!
 What if some ghost, cut off from life and hope,
 With fierce despairing eyes upturn'd to heaven,
 That wildly stare, and witness horrors huge,
 Be roaring horrid, " LORD, avenge my blood
 " On that un pitying wretch, who saw me run
 " With full career, the dire enchanting road

“ To these devouring flames, yet warn’d me not ;
 “ Or faintly warn’d me, and with languid tone,
 “ And cool harangue, denounc’d eternal fire,
 “ And wrath divine!” At the dread shocking thought
 My spirit shudders, all my inmost soul
 Trembles and shrinks. Sure, if the plaintive cries
 Of spirits reprobate can reach the ear
 Of their great Judge, they must be cries like these.
 But if the meanest of that happy choir,
 That with eternal symphonies surround
 The heavenly throne, can stand, and thus declare,
 “ I owe it to his care that I am here,
 “ Next to Almighty grace: his faithful hand,
 “ Regardless of the frowns he might incur,
 “ Snatch’d me, reluctant, from approaching flames,
 “ Ready to catch, and burn unquenchable.
 “ May richest grace reward his pious zeal
 “ With some bright mansion in this world of bliss!”
 Transporting thought! Then blessed be the hand
 That form’d my elemental clay to man,
 And still supports me! ’Tis worth while to live,
 If I may live to purposes so great.
 Awake, my dormant zeal! for ever flame
 With gen’rous ardour for immortal souls;
 And may my head, and tongue, and heart, and all,
 Spend and be spent in service so divine!

BEDLAM.

FITZGERALD.

WHERE proud Augusta, blest with long repose,
 Her ancient wall, and ruin'd bulwark shows;
 Close by a verdant plain, with graceful height,
 A stately fabric rises to the sight.
 Yet though its parts all elegantly shine,
 And sweet proportion crowns the whole design;
 Though art, in strong expressive sculpture shown,
 Consummate art informs the breathing stone;
 Far other views than these within appear,
 And woe and horror dwells for ever here.
 For ever from the echoing roofs rebounds
 A dreadful din of het'rogeneous sounds;
 From this, from that, from ev'ry quarter rise
 Loud shouts, and sullen groans, and doleful cries;
 Heart-soft'ning plaints demand the pitying tear,
 And peals of hideous laughter shock the ear.

Thus, when in some fair human form we find
 The lusts all rampant, and the reason blind,
 Griev'd we behold such beauty giv'n in vain,
 And nature's fairest work survey with pain.

Within the chambers which this dome contains,
 In all her frantic forms Distraction reigns,
 For when the sense from various objects brings,
 Through organs craz'd, the images of things ;
 Ideas, all extravagant and vain,
 In endless swarms, crowd in upon the brain ;
 The cheated reason true and false confounds,
 And forms her notions from fantastic grounds.
 Then if the blood impetuous swells the veins,
 And choler in the constitution reigns,
 Outrageous fury strait inflames the soul,
 Quick beats the pulse, and fierce the eye-balls roll ;
 Rattling his chains, the wretch all raving lies,
 And roars and foams, and earth and heaven defies.
 Not so, when gloomy the black bile prevails,
 And lumpish phlegm the thicken'd mass congeals :
 All lifeless then is the poor patient found,
 And sits for ever moping on the ground !
 His active pow'rs their uses all forego,
 Nor senses, tongue, nor limbs, their function know :
 In melancholy lost, the vital flame
 Informs, and just informs the listless frame.
 If brisk the circulating tides advance,
 And nimble spirits through the fibres dance,
 Then all the images delightful rise,
 The tickled fancy sparkles through the eyes :
 The mortal, all to mirth and joy resign'd,
 In ev'ry gesture shews his freakish mind ;

Frolic and free, he laughs at fortune's pow'r,
And plays a thousand gambols in an hour.

Now ent'ring in, my Muse, thy theme pursue,
And all the dome, and each apartment view.

Within this lonely lodge, in solemn port,
A shiv'ring monarch keeps his awful court;
And far and wide, as boundless thought can stray,
Extends a vast imaginary sway.

Utopian princes bow before his throne,
Lands unexisting his dominion own,
And airy realms, and regions in the moon.

The pride of dignity, the pomp of state,
The darling glories of the envy'd great,
Rise to his view, and in his fancy swell,
And guards and courtiers crowd his empty cell.

See how he walks majestic through the throng;
(Behind he trails his tatter'd robes along)

And cheaply blest, and innocently vain,
Enjoys the dear delusion of his brain;
In this small spot expatiates unconfin'd,
Supreme of monarchs, first of human kind.

Such joyful ecstasy as this possest,
On some triumphal day, great Cæsar's breast;
Great Cæsar, scarce beneath the gods ador'd,
The world's proud victor, Rome's imperial lord,

With all his glories in their utmost height,
 And all his pow'r display'd before his sight;
 Unnumber'd trophies grace the pompous train,
 And captive kings indignant drag their chain.

With laurel'd ensigns glitt'ring from afar
 His legions, glorious partners of the war,
 His conqu'ring legions march behind the golden }
 car :

Whilst shouts on shouts from gather'd nations rise,
 And endless acclamations rend the skies.
 For this to vex mankind with dire alarms,
 Urging with rapid speed his restless arms,
 From clime to clime the mighty madman flew,
 Nor tasted quiet, nor contentment knew;
 But spread wild ravage all the world abroad,
 The plague of nations, and the scourge of GOD.

Poor Cloe—whom yon little cell contains,
 Of broken vows and faithless man complains;
 Her heaving bosom speaks her inward woe;
 Her tears in melancholy silence flow.
 Yet still her fond desires tumultuous rise,
 Melt her sad soul, and languish in her eyes,
 And form her wild ideas as they rove,
 To all the tender images of love;
 And still she soothes and feeds the flatt'ring pain,
 False as he is, still, still she loves her swain;

To hopeless passion yields her heart a prey:
And sighs and sings the livelong hours away.

So mourns th' imprison'd lark his hapless fate,
In love's soft season ravish'd from his mate;
Fondly fatigues his unavailing rage,
And hops and flutters round and round his cage;
And moans and droops, with pining grief oppress,
Whilst sweet complainings warble from his breast.

Lo! here a wretch to avarice resign'd,
'Midst gather'd scraps, and shreds, and rags, confin'd;
His riches these——for these he rakes and spares,
These rack his bosom, these engross his cares;
O'er these he broods, for ever void of rest,
And hugs the sneaking passion of his breast.
See, from himself the sordid niggard steals,
Reserves large scantlings from his slender meals;
Scarce to his bowels half their due affords,
And starves his carcase to increase his hoards;
Till to huge heaps the treasur'd offals swell,
And stink in ev'ry corner of his cell.
And thus, with wond'rous wisdom, he purveys
Against contingent want and rainy days,
And scorns the fools that dread not to be poor,
But eat their morsel, and enjoy their store.

Erects his sluices, and his mounds sustains,
 And whirls perpetual windmills in his brains;
 All problems has his lively thought subdu'd,
 Measur'd the stars, and found the longitude,
 And squar'd the circle, and the tides explain'd;
 The grand arcanum once he had attain'd,
 Had quite attain'd, but that a pipkin broke,
 And all his golden hopes expir'd in smoke.
 And once, his soul inflam'd with patriot zeal,
 A scheme he finish'd for his country's weal:
 This in a private conference made known,
 A statesman stole, and us'd it for his own,
 And then, O baseness! the deceit to blind,
 Our poor projector in this jail confin'd.

The Muse forbears to visit ev'ry cell,
 Each form, each object of distress to tell;
 To shew the fopling, curious in his dress,
 Gaily trick'd out in gaudy raggedness:
 The poet, ever wrapt in glorious dreams
 Of Pagan gods and Heliconian streams:
 The wild enthusiast, that despairing sees
 Predestin'd wrath, and Heaven's severe decrees!
 Thro' these, thro' more sad scenes she grieves
 to go,
 And paint the whole variety of woe.

Meantime, on these reflect with kind concern,
 And hence this just, this useful lesson learn:
 If strong desires thy reas'ning pow'rs control;
 If arbitrary passions sway thy soul;
 If pride, if envy, if the loss of gain,
 If wild ambition in thy bosom reign,
 Alas! thou vaunt'st thy sober sense in vain:
 In these poor Bedlamites thyself survey,
 Thyself, less innocently mad than they.



THE

SHEPHERD AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

GAY.

REMOTE from cities liv'd a swain,
 Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;
 His head was silver'd o'er with age,
 And long experience made him sage;
 In summer's heat and winter's cold,
 He fed his flock, and penn'd the fold;
 His hours in cheerful labour flew,
 Nor envy nor ambition knew;

His wisdom, and his honest fame
Through all the country rais'd his name.

A deep Philosopher (whose rules
Of moral life were drawn from schools)
The Shepherd's homely cottage sought,
And thus explor'd his reach of thought.

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?
Hast thou old Greece and Rome survey'd,
And the vast sense of Plato weigh'd?
Hath Socrates thy soul refin'd,
And hast thou fathom'd Tully's mind?
Or, like the wise Ulysses, thrown,
By various fates, on realms unknown,
Hast thou through many cities stray'd,
Their customs, laws, and manners weigh'd!

The Shepherd modestly reply'd,
I ne'er the paths of learning try'd;
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts,
To read mankind, their laws and arts;
For man is practis'd in disguise,
He cheats the most discerning eyes;
Who by that search shall wiser grow,
When we ourselves can never know?

The little knowledge I have gain'd,
 Was all from simple nature drain'd;
 Hence my life's maxims took their rise;
 Hence grew my settled hate to vice.

The daily labours of the bee
 Awake my soul to industry.
 Who can observe the careful ant,
 And not provide for future want?
 My dog (the trustiest of his kind)
 With gratitude inflames my mind;
 I mark his true, his faithful way,
 And in my service copy Tray.
 In constancy and nuptial love,
 I learn my duty from the dove;
 The hen who from the chilly air,
 With pious wing protects her care;
 And ev'ry fowl that flies at large,
 Instructs me in a parent's charge.

From nature too I took my rule,
 To shun contempt and ridicule.
 I never with important air,
 In conversation overbear.
 Can grave and formal pass for wise,
 When men the solemn owl despise?

My tongue within my lips I rein ;
 For who talks much, must talk in vain.
 We from the wordy torrent fly ;
 Who listens to the chatt'ring pie ?
 Nor would I, with felonious flight,
 By stealth invade my neighbour's right.
 Rapacious animals we hate ;
 Kites, hawks, and wolves, deserve their fate.
 Do not we just abhorrence find
 Against the toad and serpent kind?
 But envy, calumny, and spite,
 Bear stronger venom in their bite.
 Thus ev'ry object of creation
 Can furnish hints to contemplation ;
 And from the most minute and mean,
 A virtuous mind can morals glean.

Thy fame is just, the sage replies ;
 Thy virtues prove thee truly wise.
 Pride often guides the author's pen ;
 Books as affected are as men :
 But he who studies nature's laws,
 From certain truth his maxims draws :
 And those, without our schools, suffice
 To make men moral, good, and wise.

A

DESCRIPTION

OF

A MAN PERISHING IN THE SNOW;

From whence Reflections are raised on the Miseries of Life.

THOMSON.

As thus the snows arise : and foul, and fierce,
 All winter drives along the darken'd air ;
 In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain
 Disaster'd stands ; sees other hills ascend,
 Of unknown joyless brow ; and other scenes,
 Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain :
 Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
 Beneath the formless wild ; but wanders on
 From hill to dale, still more and more astray ;
 Impatient flouncing through the thrifted heaps,
 Stung with the thoughts of home : the thoughts of
 home
 Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
 In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul !
 What black despair, what horror fills his heart !
 When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd
 His tufted cottage rising through the snow,

He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
 Far from the track and blest abode of man;
 While round him night resistless closes fast,
 And ev'ry tempest howling o'er his head,
 Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
 Then throug the busy shapes into his mind,
 Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
 A dire descent; beyond the pow'r of frost,
 Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge,
 Smooth'd up with snow; and what is land, unknown,
 What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
 In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
 Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
 These check his fearful steps, and down he sinks
 Beneath the shelter' of the shapeless drift,
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
 Mix'd with the tender anguish nature shoots
 Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,
 His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
 In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
 The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;
 In vain his little children peeping out
 Into the mingled storm, demand their sire
 With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
 Nor wife, nor children more shall he behold,
 Nor friends, nor sacred home. On ev'ry nerve

The deadly winter seizes; shuts up sense;
 And o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
 Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse
 Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah, little think the gay licentious proud,
 Whom pleasure, pow'r, and affluence surround,
 They who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
 And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;
 Ah, little think they, as they dance along,
 How many feel, this very moment, death,
 And all the sad variety of pain.

How many sink in the devouring flood,
 Or more devouring flame! How many bleed,
 By shameful variance betwixt man and man!
 How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms,
 Shut from the common air, and common use
 Of their own limbs! How many drink the cup
 Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
 Of misery! Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
 How many sink into the sordid hut
 Of cheerless poverty! How many shake
 With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
 Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse!
 How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop
 In deep retir'd distress! How many stand
 Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,

And point the parting anguish! Thought, fond man,
 Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
 That one incessant struggle render life
 One scene of toil, of suff'ring, and of fate,
 Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
 And heedless rambling impulse learn to think;
 The conscious heart of charity would warm,
 And her wide wish benevolence dilate;
 The social tear arise, the social sigh;
 And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
 Refining still, the social passions work.

A THAW.

THOMSON.

MUTT'RING, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
 Blow hollow-blust'ring from the south. Subdu'd,
 The frost resolves into a trickling thaw.
 Spotted the mountains shine; loose sleet descends,
 And floods the country round. The rivers swell,
 Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
 O'er rocks and woods in broad brown cataracts,
 A thousand snow-fed torrents shoots at once!
 And where they rush, the wide-resounding plain
 Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas

That wash'd th' ungenial pole, will rest no more
 Beneath the shackles of the mighty north;
 But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave.
 And bark! the length'ning roar continuous runs
 Athwart the rifted deep: at once it bursts,
 And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.
 Ill fares the bark, with trembling wretches charg'd,
 That, tost amid the floating fragments, moors
 Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,
 While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks
 More horrible. Can human force endure
 Th' assembled mischiefs that besiege them round?
 Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness,
 The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,
 Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,
 And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
 More to embroil the deep, Leviathan
 And his unwieldy train in dreadful sport
 Tempest the loosen'd brine, while thro' the gloom,
 Far from the bleak inhospitable shore,
 Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
 Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks.
 Yet Providence, that *ever-waking* eye,
 Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
 Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe
 Through all this dreary labyr'nth of fate.

REFLECTIONS ON A FUTURE STATE,

FROM A REVIEW OF WINTER.

THOMSON.

'TIS done! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
 And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
 How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
 How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
 His desolate domain. Behold, fond man!
 See here thy pictur'd life; pass some few years,
 Thy flow'ring Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
 Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
 And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
 And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled
 Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
 Of happiness? those longings after fame?
 Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
 Those gay-spent festive nights? those veering
 thoughts,
 Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
 All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,
 Immortal never-failing friend of man,
 His guide to happiness on high. And see!
 'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth

Of heaven and earth! awak'ning nature hears
 The *new-creating word*, and starts to life,
 In ev'ry heighten'd form, from pain and death
 For ever free. *The great eternal scheme*,
 Involving all, and in a *perfect whole*
 Uniting as the prospect wider spreads,
 To reason's eye refin'd, clears up apace.
 Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,
 Confounded in the dust, adore that Power,
 And Wisdom, oft arraign'd; see now the cause,
 Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,
 And dy'd, neglected: why the good man's share
 In life was gall and bitterness of soul:
 Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
 In starving solitude, while luxury,
 In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
 To form unreal wants: why heaven-born truth,
 And moderation fair, wore the red marks
 Of superstition's scourge: why licens'd pain,
 That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
 Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distrest!
 Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
 Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
 And what your bounded view, which only saw
 A little part, deem'd evil, is no more:
 The storm of Wint'ry Time will quickly pass,
 And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

AN

HYMN ON THE SEASONS.

THOMSON.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these,
Are but the *varied* GOD. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the soft'ning air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And ev'ry sense, and ev'ry heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer-months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year:
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whisp'ring gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful thou! with clouds and storms
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, thou bid'st the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
 Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
 Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
 Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
 Shade, unperceiv'd, so soft'ning into shade:
 And all so forming an harmonious whole,
 That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
 But wand'ring oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
 Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand
 That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;
 Works in the secret deep: shoots, steaming, thence
 The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring;
 Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
 Feeds ev'ry creature; hurls the tempest forth;
 And as on earth this grateful change revolves,
 With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature attend! join ev'ry living soul
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
 In adoration join; and ardent, raise
 One gen'ral song! To Him, ye vocal gales,
 Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes:
 O talk of Him in solitary glooms!
 Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
 Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
 And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
 Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heav'n

Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
 His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
 And let me catch it as I muse along.

Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound;
 Ye softer floods, that lead the human maze
 Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
 A secret world of wonders in thyself,
 Sound his stupendous praise, whose greater voice
 Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
 Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flow'rs,
 In mingled clouds to him, whose sun exalts,
 Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.

Ye forests, bend; ye harvests, wave to him;
 Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
 As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.

Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
 Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
 Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
 Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.

Great source of day! best image here below
 Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,

From world to world, the vital ocean round:
 On nature write with every beam his praise.

The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world:
 While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.

Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,
 Retain the sound: the broad responsive lowe,

Ye valleys, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns;
 And his *unsuffering* kingdom yet will come.
 Ye woodlands all, awake; a boundless song
 Burst from the groves! and when the restless day
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
 Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
 The list'ning shades, and teach the night his praise.
 Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
 At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
 Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,
 Assembled men, to the deep organ join
 The long resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
 At solemn pauses, through the swelling base;
 And as each mingling flame increases each,
 In one united ardour rise to heaven.
 Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
 And find a fane in ev'ry sacred grove;
 There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
 Still sing the GOD of Seasons as they roll.
 For me, when I forget the darling theme,
 Whether the blossom blows, the Summer-ray
 Russets the plain, *inspiring* Autumn gleams,
 Or Winter rises in the black'ning east;
 Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!

Should fate command me to the farthest verge
 Of the green earth, to distant barb'rous climes,
 Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
 Flames on th' Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me:
 Since GOD is ever present, ever-felt,
 In the void waste as in the city full;
 And where he vital breathes, there must be joy.
 When ev'n at last the solemn hour shall come,
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
 I cheerful will obey: there with new pow'rs,
 Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go
 Where Universal Love not smiles around,
 Sustaining all your orbs, and all their suns,
 From *seeming evil* still educing *good*,
 And *better* thence again, and *better* still,
 In infinite progression. But I lose
 Myself in him, in LIGHT INEFFABLE!
 Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise.

REAPING,

AND A TALE RELATIVE TO IT.

THOMSON.

SOON as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
 And unperceiv'd unfolds the spreading day;
 Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand,
 In fair array; each by the lass he loves,
 To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
 By nameless gentle offices her toil.
 At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves:
 While through their cheerful band the rural talk
 Flies harmless, to deceive the tedious time,
 And steal, unfelt, the sultry hours away.
 Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks;
 And, conscious, glancing oft on ev'ry side
 His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
 The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
 Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.
 Be not too narrow, husbandmen! but fling
 From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
 The lib'ral handful. Think, O grateful think!
 How good the GOD of Harvest is to you;
 Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;

While these unhappy partners of your kind
 Wide hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
 And ask their humble dole. The various turns
 Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want
 What now, with hard reluctance, faint ye give.

The lovely young Lavinia once had friends,
 And fortune smil'd deceitful on her birth,
 For, in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
 Of ev'ry stay, save innocence and heaven,
 She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
 And poor, liv'd in a cottage far retir'd
 Among the windings of a woody vale;
 By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
 But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd,
 Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
 Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
 From giddy passion and low-minded pride:
 Almost on nature's common bounty fed;
 Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
 Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
 Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
 When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd and pure,
 As is the lily or the mountain snow.
 The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
 Still on the ground dejected, darting all
 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:

Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
Of ev'ning, shone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress: for loveliness
Needs not the aid of foreign ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
Recluse amid the close embow'ring woods.
As in the hollow breast of Appennine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia; till at length compell'd
By strong necessity's supreme command,
With smiling patience in her looks, she went
To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains
Palemon was, the gen'rous and the rich;
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, such as Arcadian song
Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times;
When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
But free to follow nature was the mode.
He then his fancy with autumnal scenes

Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper train
 To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye,
 Unconscious of her pow'r, and turning quick
 With unaffected blushes from his gaze;
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half
 The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.
 That very moment love and chaste desire
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
 For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the field;
 And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd.

“ What pity! that so delicate a form,
 “ By beauty kindled, where enliv'ning sense
 “ And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
 “ Should be devoted to the rude embrace
 “ Of some indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
 “ Of old Acasto's line; and to mind
 “ Recalls that patron of my happy life,
 “ From whom my lib'ral fortune took its rise;
 “ Now to the dust gone down; his houses, lands,
 “ And once fair-spreading family dissolv'd.
 “ 'Tis said, that in some lone obscure retreat,
 “ Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
 “ Far from those scenes which knew their better
 “ days,

“ His aged widow and his daughter live,
 “ Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
 “ Romantic wish! would this his daughter were!”

When, strict enquiring, from herself he found
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
 Of bountiful Acasto; who can speak
 The mingled passions that surpriz'd his heart,
 And through his nerves in shiv'ring transports ran?
 Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold;
 And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
 Love, gratitude, and pity, wept at once.
 Confus'd, and frighted at his sudden tears,
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
 As thus Palemon, passionate and just,
 Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.

“ And art thou then Acasto's dear remains?
 “ She, whom my restless gratitude has sought
 “ So long in vain: O heavens! the very same,
 “ The soften'd image of my noble friend,
 “ Alive his ev'ry look, his ev'ry feature,
 “ More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring,
 “ Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
 “ That nourish'd up my fortune! Say, ah! where,
 “ In what sequester'd desert hast thou drawn
 “ The kindest aspect of delighted heaven?

“ Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair ;
 “ Though poverty’s cold wind, and crushing rain,
 “ Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years ?
 “ O let me now, into a richer soil [show’rs
 “ Transplant thee safe, where vernal suns and
 “ Diffuse their warmest, largest influence ;
 “ And of my garden be the pride and joy !
 “ Ill it befits thee, O it ill befits
 “ Acasto’s daughter, his, whose open stores,
 “ Tho’ vast, were little to his ampler heart,
 “ The father of a country, thus to pick
 “ The very refuse of those harvest fields,
 “ Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
 “ Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
 “ But ill apply’d to such a rugged task ;
 “ The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine ;
 “ If to the various blessings which thy house
 “ Has on me lavish’d, thou wilt add that bliss,
 “ That dearest bliss, the pow’r of blessing thee !”

Here ceas’d the youth : yet still his speaking eye
 Express’d the sacred triumph of his soul,
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
 Above the vulgar joy divinely rais’d.
 Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
 Of goodness irresistible, and all
 In sweet disorder lost, she blush’d consent.

The news immediate to her mother brought,
 While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away
 The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate!
 Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
 Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
 Of setting life shone on her ev'ning hours,
 Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair;
 Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
 A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
 And good, the grace of all the country round.

THE ROYAL PENITENT.

DANIEL.

GREAT GOD! with conscious blushes, lo, I come
 To cry for pardon, or receive my doom:
 But O, I die when I thy anger meet,
 Prostrate I lay my body at thy feet.
 How can I dare to sue for a reprieve?
 Must I still sin, and must my GOD forgive?
 Thy justice will not let thy mercy flow,
 Strike then, O strike, and give the deadly blow.
 Do I still live? and do I live to prove
 The inexhausted tokens of thy love?
 This unexampled goodness wounds me more
 Than ev'n the wrath I merited before.

O, I am all a blot, the foulest shame
 Has stain'd my sceptre, and disgrac'd my name:
 A name which once I could with honour boast,
 But now—the father of the people's lost.
 Though in the secret paths of sin I trod,
 Yet do not quite forsake me, O my GOD!
 'Tis thou alone canst ease me of my pain,
 Thy healing hand can wash out ev'ry stain,
 Can purge my mind, and make the leper clean. }
 Though darkly thy mysterious prophet spoke,
 Whilst from his lips the fatal message broke;
 Fix'd and amaz'd, I stood confounded whole,
 Too soon his dreadful meaning reach'd my soul:
Thou art the Man, has fix'd a deadly smart,
Thou art the Man, lies throbbing at my heart.
 I am whate'er thy anger can express,
 Nor can my sorrow make my follies less.

Rais'd and exalted to the first degree,
 Thy heav'nly will had made the monarch free:
 Indulg'd in ease, I rul'd without controul,
 And to its utmost wish enjoy'd my soul:
 Vain boast of pow'r which vanish'd into air,
 Since I forgot the LORD who fix'd me there.
 Was it for this thou gav'st the glorious land,
 And thy own flock committed to my hand?
 Was I the shepherd to go first astray,
 Till innocence itself became my prey?

Ah! no——the fault was mine, I stand alone,
 Be thine the praise who plac'd me on the throne,
 The guilt, the folly, and the shame my own. }
 Ev'n at my birth the fatal stain began,
 And growing vice pursu'd me into man :
 Too close I follow'd where inticement led,
 And in the pleasing ruin plung'd my head.
 How wretched is the man, how lost his mind,
 Whom pleasures soften, and whom passions blind!
 I should have met the foes with equal fires,
 And bravely combated my own desires;
 I should——but O ; too soon I fell, for sin
 Had brib'd my heart, and made a *friend* within.

To plead *surprisal* is a poor abuse,
 What can I say to palliate, or excuse?
 I broke thro' all, though conscience did her part,
 Conscience, the faithful guardian of the heart;
 How vile must I appear, how lost a thing,
 The worst of tyrants, and no more a king!
 O! do not thou my abject state despise,
 But let my soul find favour in thy eyes!
 Though loathsome is my crime, and foul the stain,
 The humble suppliant never kneels in vain.

Amazing terrors in my bosom roll,
 And damp the rising vigour of my soul;

'Tis guilt, 'tis conscious guilt, that shakes my frame,
 That chills my ardor and benights my flame;
 Ah! mighty GOD, vouchsafe thy quick'ning ray,
 Chase from my mind those sable clouds away,
 One kind regard can give again the day,
 How few offenders by thy rigour fall;
 Thy pity intervenes and shelters all;
 Let me that vast extensive pity find,
 And kindly blot my follies from my mind:
 If e'er my artless youth was thy delight,
 If e'er my soul was precious in thy sight,
 If it is worthy thy paternal care,
 Restore me to thyself, and fix me there:
 A gen'rous ardour to my breast impart,
 And let thy grace divine enlarge my heart,
 Then should a thousand gay delusions rise,
 Should flatt'ring vice sit smiling in my eyes,
 Undaunted I will go my faith to prove,
 And give my GOD an instance of my love!
 The bright temptation shall before me flee,
 And my untainted soul shall rest on thee.

I fear like Saul I have incurr'd thy hate,
 And as I fill his throne, should share his fate;
 Well I remember how th' infernal guest
 Tumultuous heav'd, and labor'd in his breast;
 Amaz'd I saw his dreadful eye-balls roll,
 Whilst one continued earthquake shook his soul;

His frantic rage subsided as I play'd,
 And music's softer pow'rs the sprite obey'd.
 That potent harp which could the fiend com-
 mand,

Now drops as useless from its master's hand;
 Eternal torments in my bosom rage,
 My sharper griefs no music can assuage;
 'Tis thou alone canst succour the distress,
 And drive the sullen fury from my breast.
 Whene'er the horrid deed I backward trace,
 My soul rolls inward, and forgets her peace;
 Waking I dream, and in the silent night
 A fearful vision stalks before my sight;
 The pale Uriah walks his dreadful round,
 He shakes his head, and points to ev'ry wound.
 O foul disgrace to arms! Who now will go
 To fight my battles, and repel the foe?
 Who now to distant climes for fame will roam,
 To fall at last by treachery at home?
 Unhurt, the coward may to ages stand,
 The brave can only die by my command:
 O, hold, my brain, to wild distraction wrought,
 I will not, cannot, bear the painful thought!
 O, do not fly me for thy mercy's sake!
 Turn thee, O, turn, and hear the wretched speak!
 Ev'n self-condemn'd thy kneeling servant save,
 And raise a drooping monarch from the grave.

Speak, mighty GOD! and bid the suppliant live,
 Let my charm'd ears but hear the word—*Forgive*;
 My muse shall spread the joyful tidings round,
 And to remotest worlds convey the sound;
 Whilst other sinners shall obedient prove,
 And taught by me shall wonder at thy love:
 No more their minds ignobler fires shall warm,
 But looser pleasures want a pow'r to charm:
 My firm resolve shall their example be,
 To place their trust in virtue and in Thee.
 By other hands let the mute herd be slain,
 And on a thousand altars smoke in vain;
 These tears my better advocates shall be,
 No poor atoning man shall die for me;
 My penitence shall act a nobler part,
 I bring a broken and a contrite heart:
 But O! if stricter justice must be done,
 And my relentless fate comes rolling on,
 I stand the mark, whatever is decreed,
 Be Israel safe, and let its monarch bleed:
 On me, on me thy utmost vengeance take,
 But spare my people for thy mercies' sake;
 O let Jerusalem to ages stand,
 Build thou her walls, and spread her wide command!
 So shall thy name for ever be ador'd,
 And future worlds like me shall bless the LORD.

GRONGAR HILL.

DYER.

SILENT Nymph, with curious eye!
Who, the purple ev'ning, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man ;
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings ;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale ;
Come, with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy sister Muse ;
Now, while Phœbus riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky !
Grongar hill invites my song,
Draw the landscape bright and strong ;
Grongar, in whose mossy cells,
Sweetly musing, Quiet dwells ;
Grongar, in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made,
So oft I have, the even still,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sat upon the flow'ry bed,
With my hand beneath my head ;

And stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
 Over mead and over wood,
 From house to house, from hill to hill,
 Till contemplation had her fill.

About his chequer'd sides I wind,
 And leave his brooks and meads behind,
 And groves and grottos where I lay,
 And vistles shooting beams of day;
 Wider and wider spreads the vale;
 As circles on a smooth canal:
 The mountains round, (unhappy fate,
 Sooner or later, of all height!)
 Withdraw their summits from the skies,
 And lessen as the others rise:
 Still the prospect wider spreads,
 Adds a thousand woods and meads;
 Still it widens, widens still,
 And sinks the newly-risen hill.

Now I gain the mountain's brow,
 What a landscape lies below!
 No clouds, no vapours intervene,
 But the gay, the open scene,
 Does the face of nature show,
 In all the hues of heaven's bow!
 And, swelling to embrace the light,
 Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise
 Proudly tow'ring in the skies!
 Rushing from the woods, the spires
 Seem from hence ascending fires!
 Half his beams Apollo sheds
 On the yellow mountain-heads!
 Gilds the fleeces of the flocks;
 And glitters on the broken rocks!

Below me trees unnumber'd rise,
 Beautiful in various dyes:
 The gloomy pinē, the poplar blue,
 The yellow beech, the sable yew,
 The slender fir that taper grows,
 The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs.
 And beyond the purple grove,
 Haunt of Phillis, queen of love!
 Gaudy as the op'ning dawn,
 Lies a long and level lawn,
 On which a dark hill, steep and high,
 Holds and charms the wand'ring eye;
 Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
 His sides are cloth'd with waving wood,
 Ancient towers crown his brow,
 That cast an awful look below;
 Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
 And with her arms from falling keeps;

So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode ;
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad ;
And there the fox securely feeds ;
And there the poisonous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds ;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state ;
But transient is the smile of fate !
A little rule, a little sway,
A sun-beam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers how they run
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,
Sometimes swift and sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endless sleep !
Thus is nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wand'ring thought ;

Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view?
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody vallies, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tow'r,
The naked rock, the shady bow'r:
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give to each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.

See on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the ev'ning gilds the tide;
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
A step, methinks, may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem;
So we mistake the future's face
Ey'd through Hope's deluding glass;
As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,

Which to those who journey near,
 Barren, brown, and rough appear:
 Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
 On the meads and mountain-heads,
 Still we tread the same coarse way,
 The present's still a cloudy day.

O may I with myself agree,
 And never covet what I see!
 Content me with an humble shade,
 My passion tam'd, my wishes laid;
 For while our wishes wildly roll,
 We banish Quiet from the soul:
 'Tis thus the busy beat the air;
 And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,
 As on the mountain-turf I lie;
 While the wanton zephyr sings,
 And in the vale perfumes his wings;
 While the waters murmur deep;
 While the shepherd charms his sheep:
 While the birds unbounded fly,
 And with music fill the sky,
 Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts, be great who will:
 Search for peace with all your skill:

Open wide the lofty door,
 Seek her on the marble floor,
 In vain you search, she is not there ;
 In vain ye search the domes of care!
 Along with peace she's close ally'd,
 Ever by each other's side,
 And often, by the murm'ring rill,
 Hears the thrush, while all is still,
 Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

GOLDSMITH.

“TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
 “ And guide my lonely way,
 “ To where yon taper cheers the vale
 “ With hospitable ray.

“ For here forlorn and lost I tread,
 “ With fainting steps and slow ;
 “ Where wilds immeasurably spread,
 “ Seem length'ning as I go.”

“ Forbear, my son,” the hermit cries,
 “ To tempt the dangerous gloom ;
 “ For yonder faithless phantom flies
 “ To lure thee to thy doom.

- “ Here to the houseless child of want,
 “ My door is open still :
 “ And though my portion is but scant,
 “ I give it with good will.

 “ Then turn to-night, and freely share
 “ Whate’er my cell bestows ;
 “ My rushy couch, and frugal fare,
 “ My blessing and repose.

 “ No flocks that range the valley free,
 “ To slaughter I condemn ;
 “ Taught by that Power that pities me,
 “ I learn to pity them.

 “ But from the mountain’s grassy side,
 “ A guiltless feast I bring ;
 “ A scrip with herbs and fruits supply’d,
 “ And water from the spring.

 “ Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;
 “ All earth-born cares are wrong :
 “ Man wants but little here below,
 “ Nor wants that little long.”

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
 His gentle accents fell :
 The modest stranger lowly bends,
 And follows to the cell,

Far in a wilderness obscure
 The lonely mansion lay ;
 A refuge to the neighb'ring poor,
 And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
 Requir'd a master's care,
 The wicket opening with a latch,
 Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now when busy crowds retire
 To take their ev'ning rest,
 The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
 And cheer'd his pensive guest:

And spread his vegetable store,
 And gayly prest and smil'd;
 And skill'd in legendary lore,
 The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
 Its tricks the kitten tries;
 The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
 The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
 To soothe the stranger's woe;
 For grief was heavy at his heart,
 And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spy'd,

With answering care opprest:

“ And whence, unhappy youth,” he cry'd,

“ The sorrows of thy breast ?

“ From better habitations spurn'd,

“ Reluctant dost thou rove:

“ Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,

“ Or unregarded love?

“ Alas! the joys that fortune brings

“ Are trifling, and decay;

“ And those who prize the paltry things,

“ More trifling still than they.

“ And what is friendship but a name,

“ A charm that lulls to sleep;

“ A shade that follows wealth or fame,

“ But leaves the wretch to weep?

“ And love is still an emptier sound,

“ The modern fair-one's jest;

“ On earth unseen, or only found

“ To warm the turtle's nest.

“ For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,

“ And spurn the sex,” he said:

But while he spoke, a rising blush

His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpris'd, he sees new beauties rise
 Swift mantling to the view,
 Like colours o'er the morning skies ;
 As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
 Alternate spread alarms ;
 The lovely stranger stands confest
 A maid, in all her charms.

And, " Ah, forgive a stranger rude,
 " A wretch forlorn," she cry'd ;
 " Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
 " Where Heaven and you reside :

" But let a maid thy pity share,
 " Whom love has taught to stray ;
 " Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
 " Companion of her way.

" My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
 " A wealthy lord was he ;
 " And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
 " He had but only me.

" To win me from his tender arms,
 " Unnumber'd suitors came ;
 " Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
 " And felt or feign'd a flame.

- “ Each hour a mercenary crowd
 “ With richest proffers strove :
 “ Among the rest young Edwin bow’d,
 “ But never talk’d of love.
- “ In humble, simplest habit clad,
 “ Nor wealth nor power had he ;
 “ Wisdom and worth were all he had,
 “ But these were all to me.
- “ The blossom opening to the day,
 “ The dews of heaven refin’d,
 “ Could nought of purity display,
 “ To emulate his mind.
- “ The dew, the blossom on the tree,
 “ With charms inconstant shine ;
 “ Their charms were his, but, woe to me !
 “ Their constancy was mine.
- “ For still I try’d each fickle art,
 “ Importunate and vain :
 “ And while his passion touch’d my heart,
 “ I triumph’d in his pain.
- “ Till quite dejected with my scorn,
 “ He left me to my pride ;
 “ And sought a solitude forlorn,
 “ In secret, where he dy’d.





W. Taylor. sc.

THE HERMIT.

Thy own thy long lost Edwin here?

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- “ But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
 “ And well my life shall pay ;
 “ I’ll seek the solitude he sought,
 “ And stretch me where he lay.
- “ And there forlorn despairing hid,
 “ I’ll lay me down and die :
 “ ’Twas so for me that Edwin did,
 “ And so for him will I.”
- “ Forbid it, Heaven !” the hermit cry’d,
 And clasp’d her to his breast :
 The wond’ring fair-one turn’d to chide,
 “ ’Twas Edwin’s self that press’d.
- “ Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
 “ My charmer, turn to see
 “ Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
 “ Restor’d to love and thee.
- “ Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
 “ And ev’ry care resign :
 “ And shall we never, never part,
 “ My life——my all that’s mine?
- “ No, never from this hour to part ;
 “ We’ll live and love so true ;
 “ The sigh that rends thy constant heart
 “ Shall break thy Edwin’s too.”

EUPOLIS' HYMN TO THE CREATOR.

FROM THE GREEK.

WESTLEY.

AUTHOR of Being, source of light,
 With unfading beauties bright,
 Fullness, goodness, rolling round
 Thy own fair orb without a bound :
 Whether thee thy suppliant calls
 Truth, or Good, or One, or All,
 Ei, or Iao ; thee we hail,
 Essence that can never fail,
 Grecian or Barbaric name,
 Thy stedfast being still the same.

Thee, when morning greets the skies
 With rosy cheeks and humid eyes ;
 Thee, when sweet declining day
 Sinks in purple waves away ;
 Thee will I sing, O parent Jove,
 And teach the world to praise and love.

Yonder azure vault on high,
 Yonder blue, low, liquid sky,

Earth on its firm basis plac'd,
 And with circling waves embrac'd,
 All Creating Pow'r confess,
 All their mighty Maker bless.
 Thou shak'st all nature with thy nod,
 Sea, earth, and air, confess thee GOD!
 Yet does thy pow'rful hand sustain
 Both earth and heaven, both firm and main.

Scarce can our daring thought arise
 To thy pavilion in the skies;
 Nor can Plato's self declare
 The bliss, the joy, the rapture there.
 Barren above thou dost not reign,
 But circled with a glorious train,
 The sons of GOD, the sons of light,
 Ever joying in thy sight:
 (For thee their silver harps are strung)
 Ever beauteous, ever young.
 Angelic forms their voices raise,
 And thro' heaven's arch resound thy praise.

The feather'd souls that swim the air,
 And bathe in liquid æther there,
 The lark, precenter of their choir,
 Leading them higher still and higher,
 Listen and learn; th' angelic notes
 Repeating in their warbling throats.

And ere to soft repose they go,
 Teach them to their lords below:
 On the green turf, their mossy nest,
 The ev'ning anthem swells their breast.
 Thus like thy golden chain from high,
 Thy praise unites the earth and sky.

Source of light, thou bid'st the sun
 On his burning axle run;
 The stars like dust around him fly,
 And strew the area of the sky.
 He drives so swift his race above,
 Mortals can't perceive him move:
 So smooth his course, oblique or straight,
 Olympus shakes not with his weight.
 And as the queen of solemn night
 Fills at his vase the orb of light,
 Imparted lustre: thus we see
 The solar virtue shines by thee.

Eiresione, we'll no more
 Imaginary pow'r adore;
 Since oil, and wool, and cheerful wine,
 And life-sustaining bread are thine.

Thy herbage, O great Pan, sustains
 The flocks that graze our Attic plains:
 The olive, with fresh verdure crown'd,
 Rises pregnant from the ground;

At thy command it shoots and springs,
 And a thousand blessings brings.
 Minerva, only is thy mind,
 Wisdom, and bounty to mankind.
 The fragrant thyme, the bloomy rose,
 Herb, and flow'r, and shrub that grows
 On Thessalian Tempe's plain,
 Or where the rich Sabeans reign,
 That treat the taste, or smell, or sight,
 For food, for med'cine, or delight;
 Planted by thy parent care,
 Spring, and smile, and flourish there.

O ye nurses of soft dreams,
 Reedy brooks, and winding streams,
 Or murm'ring o'er the pebbles sheen,
 Or sliding through the meadows green,
 Or where through matted sedge you creep,
 Travelling to your parent deep;
 Sound his praise, by whom ye rose,
 That sea, which neither ebbs nor flows.

O ye immortal woods and groves,
 Which th' enamour'd student loves;
 Beneath whose venerable shade,
 For thought and friendly converse made,
 Fam'd Hecadem, old hero, lies,
 Whose shrine is shaded from the skies,

And through the gloom of silent night
 Projects from far its trembling light.
 You, whose roots descend as low,
 As high in air your branches grow ;
 Your leafy arms to heaven extend,
 Bend your heads, in homage bend :
 Cedars, and pines, that wave above,
 And the oak belov'd of Jove.

Omen, monster, prodigy,
 Or nothing are, or Jove from thee !
 Whether various nature play,
 Or re-invers'd thy will obey,
 And to rebel man declare
 Famine, plague, or wasteful war.
 Laugh, ye profane, who dare despise
 The threat'ning vengeance of the skies,
 Whilst the pious, on his guard,
 Undismay'd is still prepar'd :
 Life or death, his mind's at rest,
 Since what thou send'st must needs be best.

No evil can from thee proceed :
 'Tis only suffer'd, not decreed ;
 Darkness is not from the sun,
 Nor mount the shades till he is gone :
 Then does night obscene arise
 From Erebus, and fill the skies ;

Fantastic forms the air invade,
Daughters of nothing and of shade.

Can we forget thy guardian care,
Slow to punish, prone to spare!
Thou break'st the haughty Persian's pride,
That dar'd old ocean's power deride;
Their shipwrecks strew'd the Eubean wave,
At Marathon they found a grave.
O ye blest Greeks, who there expir'd,
For Greece with pious ardour fir'd,
What shrines or altars shall we raise
To secure your endless praise?
Or need we monuments supply,
To rescue what can never die!

And yet a greater hero far,
(Unless great Socrates could err)
Shall rise to bless some future day,
And teach to live, and teach to pray.
Come, Unknown Instructor, come!
Our leaping hearts shall make thee room:
Thou with Jove our vows shalt share;
Of Jove and Thee we are the care.

O Father, King, whose heavenly face
Shines serene on all thy race,

We thy magnificence adore,
 And thy well-known aid implore;
 Nor vainly for thy help we call;
 Nor can we want; for thou art all!

ELEGY

ON

THE AFRICAN SLAVES.

SHENSTONE.

WHY droops this heart with fancy'd woes forlorn?
 Why sinks my soul beneath each wintry sky?
 What pensive crowds, by ceaseless labours worn,
 What myriads wish to be as bless'd as I?

What tho' my roofs devoid of pomp arise,
 Nor tempt the proud to quit his destin'd way!
 Nor costly art my flow'ry dales disguise,
 Where only simple friendship deigns to stray!

See the wild sons of Lapland's chill domain,
 That scoop their couch beneath the drifted snows!
 How void of hope they ken the frozen plain,
 Where the sharp east for ever, ever blows!

Slave tho' I be, to Delia's eyes a slave,
 My Delia's eyes endear the bands I wear;
 The sigh she causes well becomes the brave,
 The pang she causes 'tis ev'n bliss to bear.

See the poor native quit the Lybian shores,
 Ah! not in love's delightful fetters bound;
 No radiant smile his dying peace restores,
 Nor love, nor fame, nor friendship, heals his
 wound.

Let vacant bards display their boasted woes;
 Shall I the mockery of grief display?
 No! let the Muse his piercing pangs disclose,
 Who bleeds and weeps his sum of life away!

On the wild beach, in mournful guise he stood,
 Ere the shrill boatswain gave the hated sign;
 He dropp'd a tear unseen, into the flood,
 He stole one secret moment to repine.

Yet the Muse listen'd to the plaints he made,
 Such moving plaints as nature could inspire;
 To me the Muse his tender plea convey'd,
 But smooth'd and suited to the sounding lyre.

- “ Why am I ravish’d from my native strand?
 “ What savage race protects this impious gain?
 “ Shall foreign plagues infest this teeming land,
 “ And more than sea-born monsters plough the
 “ main?
- “ Here the dire locusts’ horrid swarms prevail;
 “ Here the blue asps with livid poison swell;
 “ Here the dry dipsa writhes his sinuous mail;
 “ Can we not here secure from envy dwell?
- “ When the grim lion urg’d his cruel chase,
 “ When the stern panther sought his midnight
 “ prey,
- “ What fate reserv’d me for this Christian race*?
 “ O race more polish’d, more severe than they!
- “ Ye prowling wolves! pursue my latest cries;
 “ Thou hungry tyger! leave thy reeking den;
 “ Ye sandy wastes! in rapid eddies rise;
 “ O tear me from the whips and scorns of men!
- “ Yet in their face superior beauty glows:
 “ Are smiles the mien of rapine and of wrong
 “ Yet from their lip the voice of mercy flows,
 “ And ev’n religion dwells upon their tongue.

* Spoken by a Negro.

- “ Of blissful haunts they tell, and brighter climes,
 “ Where gentle minds, convey’d by Death,
 “ repair;
 “ But stain’d with blood, and crimson’d o’er with
 “ crimes,
 “ Say, shall they merit what they paint so fair?
- “ No, careless, hopeless of those fertile plains,
 “ Rich by our toils, and by our sorrows gay,
 “ They ply our labours, and enhance our pains,
 “ And feign these distant regions to repay.
- “ For them our tusky elephant expires;
 “ For them we drain the mine’s embowel’d gold;
 “ Where rove the brutal nation’s wild desires?
 “ Our limbs are purchas’d, and our lives are sold!
- “ Yet shores there are, bless’d shores for us remain,
 “ And favor’d isles with golden fruitage crown’d,
 “ Where tufted flow’rets paint the verdant plain,
 “ Where ev’ry breeze shall med’cine ev’ry
 “ wound.
- “ There the stern tyrant, that embitters life,
 “ Shall, vainly suppliant, spread his asking hand;
 “ There shall we view the billows’ raging strife,
 “ Aid the kind breeze, and waft his boat to land.”

THE GRAVE.

BLAIR.

The house appointed for all living.—JOB.

WHILST some affect the sun, and some the shade,
 Some flee the city, some the hermitage,
 Their aims as various as the roads they take
 In journeying through life; the task be mine
 To paint the gloomy horrors of the *tomb*;
 Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
 These trav'lers meet. Thy succours I implore,
 Eternal King! whose potent arm sustains
 The keys of hell and death. The Grave, dread thing!
 Men shiver when thou'rt nam'd: Nature appall'd,
 Shakes off her wonted firmness. Ah! how dark
 Thy long-extended realms, and rueful wastes?
 Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark
 night,
 Dark as was Chaos, ere the infant sun
 Was roll'd together, or had try'd its beams
 Athwart the gloom profound! The sickly taper,
 By glimm'ring thro' thy low-brow'd misty vaults,
 (Furr'd round with mouldy damps, and ropy slime,)
 Lets fall a supernumerary horror,

And only serves to make thy night more irksome.
 Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,
 Cheerless, unsocial plant! that loves to dwell
 'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms;
 Where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades,
 Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)
 Embod'y'd, thick, perform their mystic rounds.
 No other merriment, dull tree! is thine.

See yonder hallow'd fane! the pious work
 Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,
 And buried 'midst the wreck of things which were;
 There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.
 The wind is up: hark! how it howls! Methinks,
 Till now, I never heard a sound so dreary!
 Doors creek, and windows clap, and night's fowl bird
 Rook'd in the spire, screams loud; the gloomy aisles
 Black plaster'd, and hung round with shreds of
 'scutcheons,
 And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound,
 Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
 The mansions of the dead. Rous'd from their
 In grim array the grisly spectres rise, [slumbers,
 Grim horrible, and, obstinately sullen,
 Pass and repass, hush'd at the foot of night.
 Again the screech-owl shrieks—ungracious sound!
 I'll hear no more; it make's one's blood run chill.

Quite round the pile, a row of rev'rend elms,
 (Coëval near with that) all ragged shew,
 Long lash'd by the rude winds. Some rift half down
 Their branchless trunks; others so thin at top,
 That scarce two crows can lodge on the same tree.
 Strange things, the neighbours say, have happen'd
 here;

Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs;
 Dead men have come again and walk'd about;
 And the great bell has toll'd, unring, untouch'd.
 (Such tales their cheer at wake or gossipping,
 When it draws near to witching time of night.)

Oft in the lone church-yard at night I've seen,
 By glimpse of moonshine chequering thro' the trees,
 The school-boy with his satchel in his hand,
 Whistling aloud, to bear his courage up;
 And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones,
 (With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown,)
 That tell in homely phrase who lies below,
 Sudden he starts, and hears, or *thinks* he hears,
 The sound of something purring at his heels;
 Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
 Till, out of breath, he overtakes his fellows,
 Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
 Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
 That walks at dead of night, or takes its stand

O'er some new-open'd grave ; and (strange to tell!)
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

The new-made widow, too, I've sometimes spy'd,
Sad sight! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead:
Listless, she crawls along in doleful black,
While bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,
Fast falling down her now untasted cheek.
Prone on the lowly grave of the dear man
She drops ; whilst busy meddling Memory,
In barbarous succession, musters up
The past endearments of their softer hours,
Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks
She sees him, and indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,
Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.

Invidious Grave!—how dost thou rend in sunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one?
A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul;
Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society,
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd from me,
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,
Anxious to please. Oh! when my friend and I

In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
 Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
 Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
 Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
 In grateful errors thro' the underwood,
 Sweet murm'ring; methought the shrill-tongued
 thrush

Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird
 Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note:
 The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
 Assum'd a dye more deep; whilst ev'ry flow'r
 Vy'd with his fellow-plant in luxury
 Of dress.—Oh! then the longest summer's day
 Seem'd too, too much in haste; still the full heart
 Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness
 Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
 Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

Dull Grave!—thou spoil'st the dance of youthful
 blood,
 Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of Mirth,
 And ev'ry smirking feature from the face;
 Branding our laughter with the name of madness.
 Where are the Jesters now? the men of health,
 Complexionally pleasant? Where's the droll,
 Whose ev'ry look and gesture was a joke
 To clapping theatres and shouting crowds,

And made ev'n thick-lip'd musing Melancholy
 To gather up her face into a smile
 Before she was aware? Ah! sullen now,
 And dumb as the green turf that covers them.

Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war?
 The Roman Cæsars, and the Grecian chiefs,
 The boast of story? Where the hot-brain'd youth,
 Who the tiara at his pleasure tore
 From kings of all the then discover'd globe,
 And cry'd, forsooth, because his arm was hamper'd,
 And had not room enough to do its work?
 Alas! how slim, dishonourably slim,
 And cramm'd into a space we blush to name!
 Proud royalty! how alter'd in thy looks!
 How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
 Son of the morning! whither art thou gone?
 Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,
 And the majestic menace of thine eyes
 Felt from afar? Pliant and powerless now,
 Like new-born infant wound up in his swathes,
 Or victim tumbled flat upon its back,
 That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife.
 Mute, must thou bear the strife of little tongues,
 And coward insults of the base-born crowd,
 That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,
 But only hop'd for in the peaceful Grave.

Of being unmolested and alone.
 Arabia's gums and odoriferous drugs,
 And honours by the heralds duly paid,
 In mode and form ev'n to a very scruple;
 Oh! cruel irony! these come too late,
 And only mock whom they were meant to honour.
 Surely there's not a dungeon slave that's bury'd
 In the highway, unshrouded and uncoffin'd,
 But lies as soft, and sleeps as sound as he.
 Sorry pre-eminence of high descent,
 Above the vulgar born, to rot in state.

But see! the well-plum'd hearse comes nodding on,
 Stately and slow; and properly attended
 By the whole sable tribe, that painful watch
 The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,
 By letting out their persons by the hour,
 To mimic sorrow where the heart's not sad.
 How rich the trappings! now they're all unfurl'd,
 And glittering in the sun; triumphant entries
 Of conquerors, and coronation pomps,
 In glory scarce exceed. Great gluts of people
 Retard th' unwieldy show; whilst from the case-
 ments
 And houses' tops, ranks behind ranks, close wedg'd,
 Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waste,
 Why this ado in earthing up a carcass

That's fall'n into disgrace, and in the nostril
 Smells horrible? Ye undertakers, tell us,
 'Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
 Why is the *principal* conceal'd, for which
 You make this mighty stir?—'Tis wisely done :
 What would offend the eye in a good picture,
 The painter casts discreetly into shades.

Proud lineage, now how little thou appear'st
 Below the envy of the private man!
 Honour, that meddlesome, officious ill,
 Pursues thee ev'n to death; nor there stops short :
 Strange persecution! when the grave itself
 Is no protection from rude sufferance.

Absurd to think to over-reach the Grave,
 And from the wreck of names to rescue ours!
 The best-concerted schemes men lay for fame,
 Die fast away; only *themselves* die faster.
 The far-fam'd sculptor, and the laurell'd bard,
 Those bold insurers of deathless fame,
 Supply their little feeble aids in vain.
 The tapering pyramid, th' Ægyptian's pride,
 And wonder of the world, whose spiky top
 Has wounded the thick cloud, and long outliv'd
 The angry shaking of the winter's storm;
 Yet spent at last by th' injuries of heaven,

Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years,
 The mystic cone with hieroglyphics crusted,
 At once gives way. Oh! lamentable sight!
 The labour of whole ages tumbles down,
 A hideous and misshapen length of ruins.
 Sepulchral columns wrestle but in vain
 With all-subduing time; her cank'ring hand
 With calm, delib'rate malice wasteth them:
 Worn on the edge of days, the brass consumes,
 The busto moulders, and the deep-cut marble,
 Unsteady to the steel, gives up its charge.
 Ambition, half-convicted of her folly,
 Hangs down her head, and reddens at the tale.

Here all the mighty troublers of the earth,
 Who swam to sov'reign rule thro' seas of blood;
 Th' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,
 Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires waste,
 And, in a cruel wantonness of power,
 Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up
 To want the rest; now, like a storm that's spent,
 Lie hush'd, and meanly sneak behind the covert.
 Vain thought! to hide them from the gen'ral scorn
 That haunts and dogs them like an injur'd ghost
 Implacable. Here, too, the petty tyrant,
 Whose scant domains geographer ne'er notic'd,
 And, well for neighbouring grounds, of arm as short,

Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor,
 And grip'd them like some lordly beast of prey;
 Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger,
 And piteous plaintive voice of misery;
 (As if a slave was not a shred of nature,
 Of the same common nature with his lord;) .
 Now tame and humble, like a child that's whipp'd,
 Shakes hands with dust, and calls the worm his kins-
 man!

Nor pleads his rank and birth-right. Under ground
 Precedency's a jest; vassal and lord,
 Grossly familiar, side by side consume.

When self-esteem, or other's adulation,
 Would cunningly persuade us we are something
 Above the common level of our kind, [tery,
 The Grave gainsays the smooth-complexion'd flat-
 And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.

Beauty—thou pretty plaything, dear deceit!
 That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
 And gives it a new pulse unknown before,
 The Grave discredits thee: thy charms expung'd,
 Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,
 What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy lovers
 Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage?
 Methinks I see thee with thy head low laid,

Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek
 The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,
 Riots unscar'd. For *this* was all thy caution?
 For this thy painful labour at thy glass,
 T' improve those charms, and keep them in repair,
 For which the spoiler thanks thee not? Foul feeder!
 Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,
 And leave as keen a relish on the sense.
 Look how the fair-one weeps! the conscious tears
 Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flowers:
 Honest effusion! the swoln heart in vain
 Works hard, to put a gloss on its distress.

Strength, too—thou surly and less gentle boast
 Of those that loud laugh at the village ring;
 A fit of common sickness pulls thee down
 With greater ease than e'er thou didst the stripling
 That rashly dar'd thee to th' unequal fight.
 What groan was that I heard? Deep groan, indeed!
 With anguish heavy laden. Let me trace it.—
 From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man,
 By stronger arm belabour'd, gasps for breath
 Like a hard-hunted beast. How his great heart
 Beats thick! his roomy breast by far too scant
 To give the lungs full play. What now avail
 The strong-built, sinewy limbs, and well-spread
 shoulders!

See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
 Mad with his pains! Eager he catches hold
 Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,
 Just like a creature drowning; hideous sight!
 Oh! how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly!
 Whilst the distemper's rank and deadly venom
 Shoots like a burning arrow 'cross his bowels,
 And drinks his marrow up. Heard you that groan?
 It was his last.—See how the great Goliath,
 Just like a child that bawl'd itself to rest,
 Lies still.—What mean'st thou then, O mighty
 boaster!

To vaunt of nerves of thine? What means the bull,
 Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,
 And flee before a feeble thing like man,
 That, knowing well the slackness of his arm,
 Trusts only in the well-invented knife?

With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,
 The star-surveying sage close to his eye
 Applies the sight-invigorating tube,
 And trav'ling thro' the boundless length of space,
 Marks well the courses of the far-seen orbs
 That roll with regular confusion there,
 In ecstasy of thought. But ah, proud man!
 Great heights are hazardous to the weak head;
 Soon, very soon, thy firmest footing fails,

And down thou dropp'st into that darksome place
Where nor device nor knowledge ever came.

Here the tongue-warrior lies disabled now,
Disarm'd, dishonour'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd,
And cannot tell his ails to passers by. [change,
Great men of language! — Whence this mighty
This dumb despair, and drooping of the head?
Tho' strong persuasion hung upon thy lip,
And sly insinuation's softer arts
In ambush lay upon thy flowing tongue;
Alas! how chop-fall'n now! Thick mists and silence
Rest, like a weary cloud, upon thy breast
Unceasing.—Ah! where is the lifted arm,
The strength of action, and the force of words,
The well-turn'd period, and the well-tun'd voice,
With all the lesser ornaments of phrase?
Ah! fled for ever as they ne'er had been;
Raz'd from the book of fame; or, more provoking,
Perchance some hackney, hunger-bitten scribbler,
Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb,
With long flat narrative, or duller rhymes,
With heavy halting pace that drawl along;
Enough to rouse a dead man into rage.

Here the great masters of the healing art,
These mighty mock defrauders of the tomb,

Spite of their juleps and catholicons,
 Resign their fate. Proud Æsculapius' son!
 Where are thy boasted implements of art,
 And all thy well-cramm'd magazines of health?
 Nor hill, nor vale, as far as ships could go,
 Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,
 Escap'd thy rifling hand:—from stubborn shrubs
 'Thou wrung'st their shy retiring virtues out,
 And vex'd them in the fire; nor fly, nor insect,
 Nor writhy snake, escap'd thy deep research.
 But why this apparatus? Why this cost?
 Tell us, thou doughty keeper, from the Grave,
 Where are thy recipes and cordials now,
 With the long lists of vouchers for thy cures?
 Alas! thou speak'st not. The bold impostor
 Looks not more silly when the cheat's found out.

Here the lank-sided miser, worst of felons!
 Who meanly stole, (discreditable shift!)
 From back and belly too, their proper cheer,
 Eas'd of a task it irk'd the wretch to pay
 To his own carcass, now lies cheaply lodg'd,
 By clam'rous appetites no longer teaz'd,
 Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.
 But, ah! where are his rents, his comings-in?
 Aye, now you've made the rich man poor indeed!
 Robb'd of his gods, what has he left behind?

Oh, cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake,
 The fool throws up his interest in *both* worlds:
 First starv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come.

How shocking must thy summons be, O Death!
 To him that is at ease in his possessions!
 Who counting our long years of pleasure here,
 Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come!
 In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
 Raves round the walls of her clay tenement!
 Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
 But shrieks in vain! How wishfully she looks
 On all she's leaving, now no longer hers!
 A little longer, yet a *little* longer,
 Oh, might she stay to wash away her stains,
 And fit her for her passage! Mournful sight!
 Her very eyes weep blood; and ev'ry groan
 She heaves is big with horror. But the foe,
 Like a staunch murd'rer, steady to his purpose,
 Pursues her close through every lane of life,
 Nor misses once the track, but presses on;
 Till forc'd at last to the tremendous verge,
 At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.

Sure 'tis a serious thing to die! My soul!
 What a strange moment must it be, when near
 Thy journey's end, thou hast the gulf in view!

That awful gulf, no mortal e'er repass'd,
 To tell what's doing on the other side.
 Nature runs back and shudders at the sight,
 And ev'ry life-string bleeds at thoughts of parting;
 For part they must; body and soul must part;
 Fond couple! link'd more close than wedded pair.
 This wings its way to its Almighty Source,
 The witness of its actions, now its Judge;
 That drops into the dark and noisome Grave,
 Like a disabled pitcher of no use.

If death was nothing, and nought after death;
 If when men dy'd, at once they ceas'd to be,
 Returning to the barren womb of nothing,
 Whence first they sprang; then might the debauchee
 Untrembling mouthe the heavens; then might the
 drunkard

Reel over his full bowl, and, when 'tis drain'd,
 Fill up another to the brim, and laugh
 At the poor bugbear, Death: then might the wretch
 That's weary of the world, and tir'd of life,
 At once give each inquietude the slip,
 By stealing out of being when he pleas'd,
 And by what way; whether by hemp or steel.
 Death's thousand doors stand open. Who could
 force

The ill-pleas'd guest to sit out his full time,

Or blame him if he goes? Sure he does well,
 That helps himself as timely as he can,
 When able. But if there is an hereafter,
 And that there is, conscience, uninfluenc'd,
 And suffer'd to speak out, tells every man,
 Then must it be an awful thing to die:
 More horrid yet to die by one's *own* hand.

Self-murder! name it not: our island's shame;
 That makes her the reproach of neighb'ring states.
 Shall nature, swerving from her earliest dictate,
 Self-preservation, fall by her *own* act?
 Forbid it, Heaven! Let not, upon disgust,
 The shameless hand be fully crimson'd o'er
 With blood of its own lord. Dreadful attempt!
 Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage
 To rush into the presence of our Judge;
 As if we challeng'd Him to do His worst,
 And matter'd not his wrath: unheard-of tortures
 Must be reserv'd for such: these herd together;
 The *common* damn'd shun their society,
 And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.
 Our time is fix'd, and all our days are number'd;
 How long, how short, we know not: this we know,
 Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
 Nor dare to stir till Heaven shall give permission:
 Like sentries that must keep their destin'd stand,

And wait th' appointed hour, till they're reliev'd :
 Those only are the brave that keep their ground,
 And keep it to the last. To run away
 Is but a coward's trick. To run away
 From this world's ills, that, at the very worst,
 Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves,
 By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown,
 And plunging headlong in the dark ; 'tis mad ;
 No phrenzy half so desp'rate as this.

Tell us, ye dead ; will none of you, in pity
 To those you left behind, disclose the secret ?
 O that some courteous ghost would blab it out,
 What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be !
 I've heard, that souls departed, have sometimes
 Forewarn'd men of their death : 'twas kindly done,
 To knock, and give th' alarum. But what means
 This stinted charity ? 'Tis but lame kindness
 That does its work by halves. Why might you not
 Tell us what 'tis to die ? Do the strict laws
 Of your society forbid your speaking
 Upon a point so nice ? I'll ask no more :
 Sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, your shine
 Enlightens but yourselves. Well—'tis no matter ;
 A very little time will clear up all,
 And make us learn'd as ye are, and as close.
 Death's shafts fly thick : here falls the village swain,

And there his pamper'd lord. The cup goes round;
 And who so artful as to put it by!
 'Tis long since death had the majority;
 Yet strange! the living lay it not to heart.
 See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
 The sexton, hoary-headed chronicle,
 Of hard, unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
 A gentle tear, with mattock in his hand,
 Digs thro' whole rows of kindred and acquaintance,
 By far his juniors. Scarce a scull's cast up,
 But well he knew its owner, and can tell
 Some passage of his life. Thus hand in hand,
 The sot has walk'd with death twice twenty years,
 Yet ne'er a yonker on the green laughs louder,
 Or clubs a smuttier tale: when drunkards meet,
 None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
 More willing to his cup. Poor wretch! he minds not,
 That soon some trusty brother of the trade
 Shall do for him, what he has done for thousands.

On this side, and on that, men see their friends
 Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch out
 Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers
 In the world's hale and undegenerate days
 Could scarce have leisure for. Fools that we are!
 Never to think of death and of ourselves
 At the same time; as if to learn to die

Were no concern of ours. Oh! more than sottish,
 For creatures of a day in gamesome mood
 To frolic on Eternity's dread brink
 Unapprehensive; when, for aught we know,
 The very first swoln surge shall sweep us in.
 Think we, or think we not, time hurries on
 With a resistless, unremitting stream;
 Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
 That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
 And carries off his prize. What is this world?
 What, but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,
 Strew'd with death's spoils, the spoils of animals
 Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones.
 The very turf on which we tread once liv'd;
 And we that live must lend our carcasses
 To cover our own offspring: in their turns,
 They, too, must cover theirs. 'Tis here all meet;
 The shiv'ring Icelander, and sun-burnt Moor;
 Men of all climes, that never met before;
 And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Christian.
 Here the proud prince, and favourite yet prouder,
 His sov'reign's keeper, and the people's scourge,
 Are huddled out of sight. Here lie abash'd
 The great negociators of the earth,
 And celebrated masters of the balance,
 Deep read in stratagems and wiles of courts;
 Now vain their treaty-skill. Death scorns to treat.

Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burden
 From his gall'd shoulders; and when the cruel tyrant,
 With all his guards and tools of power about him,
 Is meditating new unheard-of hardships,
 Mocks his short arm—and quick as thought escapes
 Where tyrants vex not, where the weary rest.

Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
 The tell-tale echo, and the babbling stream,
 (Time out of mind the fav'rite seats of love,)
 Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down,
 Unblasted by foul tongue.—Here friends and foes
 Lie close, unmindful of their former feuds.
 The lawn-rob'd prelate and plain presbyter,
 Erewhile that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
 Familiar mingle here, like sister streams
 That some rude interposing rock had split.

Here is the large-limb'd peasant:—here the child
 Of a span long, that never saw the sun,
 Nor press'd the nipple, strangled in life's porch.
 Here is the mother, with her sons and daughters;
 The barren wife, and long-demurring maid,
 Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
 Smil'd like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,
 Not to be come at by the willing hand.
 Here are the prude severe, and gay coquet,

The sober widow, and the young green virgin,
 Cropp'd like a rose before 'tis fully blown,
 Or half its worth disclos'd. Strange medley here!

Here garrulous old age winds up his tale;
 And jovial youth, of lightsome vacant heart,
 Whose ev'ry day was made of melody, [shrew,
 Hears not the voice of mirth. The shrill-tongu'd
 Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
 Here are the wise, the generous, and the brave;
 The just, the good, the worthless, the profane,
 The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred;
 The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the mean.
 The supple statesman, and the patriot stern;
 The wrecks of nations, and the spoils of time,
 With all the lumber of six thousand years.

Poor man! how happy once in thy first state!
 When yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand,
 He stamp'd thee with his image, and, well pleas'd,
 Smil'd on his last fair work. Then all was well.
 Sound was the body, and the soul serene;
 Like two sweet instruments, ne'er out of tune,
 That play'd their several parts. Nor head, nor heart,
 Offer'd to ache: nor was there cause they should,
 For all was pure within, no fell remorse,
 Nor anxious castings up of what might be,

Alarm'd his peaceful bosom. Summer seas
 Shew not more smooth, when kiss'd by southern
 winds,
 Just ready to expire. Scarce importun'd,
 The generous soil, with a luxurious hand,
 Offer'd the various produce of the year,
 And ev'ry thing most perfect in its kind.
 Blessed! thrice blessed days! But, ah! how short!
 Blest as the pleasing dreams of holy men;
 But fugitive like those, and quickly gone.

Oh! slippery state of things! What sudden turns!
 What strange vicissitudes in the first leaf
 Of man's sad history! To-day most happy,
 And ere to-morrow's sun has set, most abject.
 How scant the space between these vast extremes!
 Thus far'd it with our sire: Not long enjoy'd
 His paradise. Scarce had the happy tenant
 Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets,
 Or sum them up, when strait he must be gone,
 Ne'er to return again. And must he go?
 Can nought compound for the *first* dire offence
 Of erring man? Like one that is condemn'd,
 Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,
 And parley with his fate. But 'tis in vain—
 Not all the lavish odours of the place,
 Offer'd in incense can procure his pardon,

Or mitigate his doom. A mighty Angel
 With flaming sword forbids his longer stay,
 And drives the loiterer forth; nor must he take
 One last and farewell round. At once he lost
 His glory and his GOD. If mortal now,
 And sorely maim'd, no wonder. Man has sinn'd.
 Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures,
 Evil he needs would try; nor try'd in vain.
 (Dreadful experiment! destructive measure!
 Where the worst thing can happen, is success.)
 Alas! too well he sped: the good he scorn'd,
 Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-us'd ghost,
 Not to return: or if it did, its visits,
 Like those of angels, short and far between:
 Whilst the black dæmon, with his hell-scap'd train
 Admitted once into its better room,
 Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone;
 Lording it o'er the man: who now too late
 Saw the rash error, which he could not mend:
 An error fatal not to him alone,
 But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs.
 Inglorious bondage! Human nature groans
 Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel,
 And its vast body bleeds thro' ev'ry vein.

What havock hast thou made, foul monster, Sin!
 Greatest and first of ills. The fruitful parent

Of woes of all dimensions! But for thee
 Sorrow had never been. All-noxious thing,
 Of vilest nature! Other sorts of evils
 Are kindly circumscrib'd, and have their bounds.
 The fierce volcano, from his burning entrails,
 That belches molten stone and globes of fire,
 Involv'd in pitchy clouds of smoke and stench,
 Mars the adjacent fields for some leagues round,
 And there it stops. The big-swoln inundation,
 Of mischief more diffusive, raving loud,
 Buries whole tracks of country, threat'ning more;
 But that too has its shore it cannot pass.
 More dreadful far than these! Sin has laid waste,
 Not here and there a country, but a world:
 Dispatching at a wide-extended blow
 Entire mankind; and for their sakes defacing
 A whole creation's beauty with rude hands;
 Blasting the foodful grain, the loaded branches,
 And marking all along its way with ruin.
 Accursed thing! Oh! where shall fancy find
 A proper name to call thee by, expressive
 Of all thy horrors? Pregnant womb of ills!
 Of temper so transcendently malign,
 That toads and serpents of most deadly kind,
 Compar'd to thee, are harmless. Sickneses
 Of ev'ry size and symptom, racking pains,
 And bluest plagues, are thine. See how the fiend

But know, that thou must render up thy dead,
 And with high int'rest too. They are not thine!
 But only in thy keeping for a season,
 Till the great promis'd day of restitution;
 When loud diffusive sound of brazen trump
 Of strong-lung'd cherub, shall alarm thy captives,
 And rouse the long, long sleepers into life,
 Daylight, and liberty.

Then must thy gates fly open, and reveal
 The mines that lay long forming under ground,
 In their dark cells immur'd; but now full ripe,
 And pure as silver from the crucible,
 That twice has stood the torture of the fire
 And inquisition of the forge. We know
 Th' illustrious Deliverer of mankind,
 The Son of GOD, thee foil'd. Him in thy pow'r
 Thou couldst not hold: self-vigorous he rose,
 And shaking off thy fetters, soon retook
 Those spoils his voluntary yielding lent:
 (Sure pledge of our releasement from thy thrall!)
 Twice twenty days he sojourn'd here on earth,
 And shew'd himself alive to chosen witnesses,
 By proofs so strong, that the most slow-assenting
 Had not a scruple left. This having done,
 He mounted up to heaven. Methinks I see him
 Climb the aërial height, and glide along
 Athwart the sev'ring clouds: but the faint eye,

Flung backward in the chase, soon drops its hold,
 Disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing.
 Heaven's portals wide expand to let him in;
 Nor are his *friends* shut out: as some great Prince
 Not for himself alone procures admission,
 But for his train. It was his royal will,
 That where he is, there should his *followers* be.
 Death only lies between. A gloomy path!
 Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears.
 But not untrod nor tedious; the fatigue
 Will soon go off: beside, there's no *bye-road*
 To bliss. Then why, like ill-condition'd children,
 Start we at transient hardships in the way
 That leads to purer air, and softer skies,
 And a ne'er-setting sun? Fools that we are!
 We wish to be where sweets unwithering bloom;
 But strait our wish revoke, and will not go.
 So have I seen, upon a summer's ev'n,
 Fast by a riv'let's brink, a youngster play:
 How wishfully he looks to stem the tide!
 This moment resolute, next unresolv'd:
 At last he dips his foot; but as he dips,
 His fears redouble; and he runs away
 From th' inoffensive stream, unmindful now
 Of all the flow'rs that paint the farther bank,
 And smil'd so sweet of late. Thrice welcome death!
 That after many a painful bleeding step,

Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe
 On the long wish'd-for shore. Prodigious change!
 Our bane turn'd to our blessing! Death, disarm'd,
 Loses his fellness quite. All thanks to Him
 Who scourg'd the venom out. Sure the last end
 Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit!
 Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
 Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
 Behold him in the evening tide of life,
 A life well spent, whose early care it was
 His riper years should not upbraid his green:
 By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away;
 Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting!
 High in his faith and hopes, look how he reaches
 After the prize in view! and, like a bird
 That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away:
 Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
 To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
 Of the fast-coming harvest. Then! oh, then!
 Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
 Shrunk to a thing of nought. O how he longs
 To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd!
 'Tis done, and now he's happy! The glad soul
 Has not a wish uncrown'd. Ev'n the lag flesh
 Rests too in hope of meeting once again
 Its better half, never to sunder more;
 Nor shall it hope in vain; the time draws on,

When not a single spot of burial earth,
 Whether on land, or in the spacious sea,
 But must give back its long-committed dust,
 Inviolate ; and faithfully shall these
 Make up the full account ; not the least atom
 Embezzled or mislaid, of the whole tale.
 Each soul shall have a body ready-furnish'd ;
 And each shall have his own. Hence, ye profane!
 Ask not, how this can be? Sure the same pow'r
 That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,
 Can reassemble the loose scatter'd parts,
 And put them as they were. Almighty GOD
 Has done much more ! nor is his arm impair'd
 Thro' length of days : and what He can, He *will* :
 His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.
 When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumb'ring dust
 (Not unattentive to the call) shall wake ;
 And every joint possess its former place,
 With a new elegance of form, unknown
 To its *first* style. Nor shall the conscious soul
 Mistake its partner, but amidst the crowd,
 Singling its other half, into its arms
 Shall rush with all th' impatience of a man
 That's new come home, who, having long been
 absent,
 With haste runs over every different room,
 In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting !

Nor time, nor death, shall ever part them more.
 'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night;
 We make the Grave our bed, and then are gone.

Thus at the shut of ev'n, the weary bird
 Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
 Cow'rs down, and dozes till the dawn of day,
 Then claps his well-fledg'd wings, and bears away.

A

MONODY

TO THE

MEMORY OF LADY LYTTELTON.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1747.

LORD LYTTELTON.

AT length escap'd from ev'ry human eye,
 From ev'ry duty, ev'ry care,
 That in my mournful thoughts might claim a share,
 Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry
 Beneath the gloom of this embow'ring shade,
 This lone retreat for tender sorrow made:
 I now may give my burden'd heart relief,
 And pour forth all my stores of grief;

Of grief surpassing ev'ry other woe,
 Far as the purest bliss, the happiest love
 Can on th' ennobled mind bestow,
 Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
 Our gross desires, inelegant and low.

II.

Ye tufted groves! ye gently falling rills!
 Ye high o'ershadowing hills!
 Ye lawns! gay smiling with eternal green,
 Oft have you my Lucy seen!
 But never shall you now behold her more,
 Nor will she now with fond delight,
 And taste refin'd, your rural charms explore:
 Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night:
 Those beauteous eyes where beaming us'd to shin
 Reason's pure light, and Virtue's spark divine.

III.

Oft would the Dryads of these woods rejoice
 To hear her heavenly voice;
 For her despising, when she deign'd to sing,
 The sweetest songsters of the spring,
 The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more,
 The nightingale was mute,
 And ev'ry shepherd's flute
 Was cast in silent scorn away,
 While all attended to her sweeter lay.

Ye larks and linnets! now resume your song,
 And thou, melodious Philomel!
 Again thy plaintive story tell,
 For death has stopt that tuneful tongue
 Whose music could alone your warbling notes excel.

IV.

In vain I look around
 O'er all the well-known ground,
 My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry.
 Where oft we us'd to walk,
 Where oft in tender talk
 We saw the summer's sun go down the sky;
 Nor by yon fountain's side,
 Nor where its waters glide
 Along the valley can she now be found.
 In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample bound
 No more my mournful eye
 Can aught of her espy,
 But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.

V.

O shades of Hagley! where is now your boast?
 Your bright inhabitant is lost.
 You she prefer'd to all the gay resorts
 Where female vanity might wish to shine,
 The pomp of cities and the pride of courts:

Her modest beauties shunn'd the public eye ;
 To your sequester'd dales,
 And flower-embroider'd vales,
 From an admiring world she chose to fly ;
 With nature there retir'd, and nature's GOD,
 The silent paths of wisdom trod,
 And banish'd ev'ry passion from her breast,
 But those, the gentlest and the best,
 Whose holy flames with energy divine
 The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
 The conjugal and the maternal love.

VI.

Sweet babes ! who, like the little playful fawns,
 Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns,
 By your delighted mother's side,
 Who now your infant steps shall guide ?
 Ah ! where is now the hand whose tender care
 To ev'ry virtue would have form'd your youth,
 And strew'd with flowers the thorny ways of truth ?
 O loss beyond repair !
 O wretched father ! left alone
 To weep their dire misfortune and thy own !
 How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with woe,
 And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
 Perform the duties that you doubly owe,

Now she, alas! is gone
 From folly and from vice their helpless age to save?

VII.

Where were ye, Muses! when relentless Fate
 From these fond arms your fair disciple tore,
 From these fond arms that vainly strove
 With hapless ineffectual love
 To guard her bosom from the mortal blow?
 Could not your fav'ring power, Aonian maids!
 Could not, alas! your power prolong her date,
 From whom so oft in these inspiring shades,
 Or under Campden's moss-clad mountains hoar,
 You open'd all your sacred store,
 Whate'er your ancient sages taught,
 Your ancient bards sublimely thought,
 And bade her raptur'd breast with all your spirit
 glow?

VIII.

Nor then did Pindus or Castalia's plain,
 Or Aganippe's fount your steps detain,
 Nor in the Thespian vallies did you play,
 Nor then on Mincio's* bank,
 Beset with osiers dank,
 Nor where Clitumnus† rolls his gentle stream,

* The Mincio runs by Mantua, the birth-place of Virgil.

† The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the residence of Propertius.

Nor where thro' hanging woods
 Steep Anio* pours his floods,
 Nor yet where Meles† or Ilissus‡ stray.
 Ill does it now beseem
 That of your guardian care bereft,
 To dire disease and death your darling should be
 left.

IX.

Now what avails it that in early bloom,
 When light fantastic toys
 Are all her sex's joys,
 With you she search'd the wit of Greece and Rome,
 And all that in her latter days
 To emulate her ancient praise
 Italia's happy genius could produce;
 Or what the Gallic fire
 Bright sparkling could inspire,
 By all the Graces temper'd and refin'd;
 Or what in Britain's isle,
 Most favour'd with your smile,
 The powers of Reason and of Fancy join'd
 To full perfection have conspir'd to raise?
 Ah! what is now the use

* The Anio runs through Tibor, or Tivoll, where Horace had a villa.

† The Meles is a river of Ionia, from whence Homer, supposed to be born on its banks, is called Melesigenes.

‡ The Ilissus is a river at Athens.

Of all these treasures that enrich'd her mind,
To black oblivion's gloom for ever now consign'd?

X.

At least, ye Nine! her spotless name
'Tis yours from death to save,
And in the temple of immortal fame
With golden characters her worth engrave.
Come then, ye virgin sisters! come,
And strew with choicest flowers her hallow'd tomb;
But foremost thou, in sable vestment clad,
With accents sweet and sad,
Thou, plaintive Muse! whom o'er his Laura's urn,
Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn,
O come! and to this fairer Laura pay
A more impassion'd tear, a more pathetic lay.

XI.

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
Was brighten'd by some sweet peculiar grace!
How eloquent in every look,
Thro' her expressive eyes her soul distinctly spoke!
Tell how her manners, by the world refin'd,
Left all the taint of modish vice behind,
And made each charm of polish'd courts agree
With candid truth's simplicity,
And uncorrupted innocence!

Tell how to more than manly sense
 She join'd the soft'ning influence
 Of more than female tenderness!
 How in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy,
 Which oft the care of others' good destroy,
 Her kindly-melting heart,
 To ev'ry want and ev'ry woe,
 To guilt itself when in distress,
 The balm of pity would impart,
 And all relief that bounty could bestow!
 Ev'n for the kid or lamb, that pour'd its life
 Beneath the bloody knife,
 Her gentle tears would fall,
 Tears from sweet virtue's source, benevolent to all!

XII.

Not only good and kind,
 But strong and elevated was her mind;
 A spirit that with noble pride
 Could look superior down
 On fortune's smile or frown;
 That could, without regret or pain,
 To virtue's lowest duty sacrifice,
 Or int'rest, or ambition's highest prize;
 That injur'd or offended, never try'd
 Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,
 But by magnanimous disdain;

A wit that temperately bright,
 With inoffensive light,
 All pleasing shone, nor ever past
 The decent bounds that wisdom's sober hand,
 And sweet benevolence's mild command,
 And bashful modesty before it cast ;
 A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
 That nor too little nor too much believ'd ;
 That scorn'd unjust suspicion's coward fear,
 And without weakness knew to be sincere !
 Such Lucy was when in her fairest days,
 Amidst th' acclaim of universal praise,
 In life's and glory's freshest bloom,
 Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the
 tomb !

XIII.

So where the silent streams of Lyris glide
 In the soft bosom of Campana's vale,
 When now the wintry tempests all are fled,
 And genial summer breathes her gentle gale,
 The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head,
 From ev'ry branch the balmy flow'rets rise,
 On ev'ry bough the golden fruits are seen,
 With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies,
 The wood-nymphs tend it, and th' Idalian queen ;
 But in the midst of all its blooming pride,

A sudden blast from Appenninus flows
 Cold with perpetual snows,
 The tender blighted plant shrinks up its leaves and
 dies.

XIV.

Arise, O Petrarch! from th' Elysian bow'rs,
 With never-fading myrtles twin'd,
 And fragrant with ambrosial flow'rs,
 Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd,
 Arise, and hither bring the silver lyre,
 Tun'd by thy skilful hand
 To the soft notes of elegant desire,
 With which o'er many a land
 Was spread the fame of thy disast'rous love;
 To me resign the vocal shell,
 And teach my sorrows to relate
 Their melancholy tale so well,
 As may ev'n things inanimate,
 Rough mountain oaks and desert rocks to pity move.

XV.

What were, alas! thy woes compar'd to mine!
 To thee thy mistress in the blissful band
 Of Hymen never gave her hand;
 The joys of wedded love were never thine.
 In thy domestic care
 She never bore a share,

Nor with endearing art
 Would heal thy wounded heart
 Of ev'ry secret grief that fester'd there:
 Nor did her fond affection on the bed
 Of sickness watch thee, and thy languid head
 Whole nights on her unwearied arm sustain,
 And charm away the sense of pain:
 Nor did she crown your mutual flame
 With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

XVI.

O best of wives! O dearer far to me
 Than when thy virgin charms
 Were yielded to my arms!
 How can my soul endure the loss of thee?
 How in the world, to me a desert grown,
 Abandon'd and alone,
 Without my sweet companion can I live?
 Without thy lovely smile,
 The dear reward of ev'ry virtuous toil,
 What pleasures now can pall'd ambition give?
 Ev'n the delightful sense of well-earn'd praise
 Unshar'd by thee no more my lifeless thoughts could
 raise.

XVII.

For my distracted mind
 What succour can I find?

On whom for consolation shall I call?
 Support me, ev'ry friend,
 Your kind assistance lend
 To bear the weight of this oppressive woe.
 Alas! each friend of mine,
 My dear departed love! so much was thine,
 That none has any comfort to bestow.
 My books the best relief
 In ev'ry other grief,
 Are now with your idea sadden'd all:
 Each fav'rite author we together read,
 My tortur'd mem'ry wounds, and speaks of Lucy
 dead.

XVIII.

We were the happiest pair of human kind,
 The rolling year its varying course perform'd
 And back return'd again;
 Another and another smiling came,
 And saw our happiness unchang'd remain;
 Still in her golden chain,
 Harmonious concord did our wishes bind,
 Our studies, pleasures, taste, the same.
 O fatal, fatal stroke!
 That all this pleasing fabric love had rais'd
 Of rare felicity,
 On which ev'n wanton vice with envy gaz'd,

And ev'ry scheme of bliss our hearts had form'd
 With soothing hope for many a future day,
 In one sad moment broke !
 Yet, O my soul! thy rising murmurs stay,
 Nor dare th' all-wise Disposer to arraign,
 Or against his supreme decree
 With impious grief complain.
 That all thy full-blown joys at once should fade
 Was his most righteous will—and be that will obey'd.

XIX.

Would thy fond love his grace to her control,
 And in these low abodes of sin and pain
 Her pure exalted soul
 Unjustly for thy partial good detain?
 No—rather strive thy grov'ling mind to raise
 Up to that unclouded blaze,
 That heavenly radiance of eternal light,
 In which enthron'd she now with pity sees
 How frail, how insecure, how slight,
 Is ev'ry mortal bliss ;
 Ev'n love itself, if rising by degrees
 Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,
 Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,
 It does not to its sov'reign good ascend.
 Rise then, my soul! with hope elate,
 And seek those regions of serene delight,

Whose peaceful path and ever-open gate
 No feet but those of harden'd guilt shall miss;
 There death himself thy Lucy shall restore,
 There yield up all his pow'r, ne'er to divide you more.

THE
LAST DAY.

YOUNG.

Veni: summa dies.—VIRGIL.

WHILE others sing the fortune of the great,
 Empire and arms, and all the pomp of state,
 I draw a deeper scene; a scene that yields
 A louder trumpet, and more dreadful fields;
 The world alarm'd, both earth and heaven o'er-
 thrown,
 And gasping nature's last tremendous groan;
 Death's ancient sceptre broke, the teeming tomb,
 The righteous Judge, and man's eternal doom.

This globe is for my verse a narrow bound;
 Attend me, all ye glorious worlds around!
 O! all ye angels, howsoe'er disjoin'd,
 Of ev'ry various order, place, and kind,

Hear, and assist a feeble mortal's lays;
 'Tis your *Eternal King* I strive to praise.

But chiefly thou, Great Ruler! LORD of all!
 Before whose throne archangels prostrate fall;
 If at thy nod, from discord and from night,
 Sprang beauty, and yon sparkling worlds of light,
 Exalt ev'n me; all inward tumults quell;
 The clouds and darkness of my mind dispel;
 To my great subject thou my breast inspire,
 And raise my lab'ring soul with equal fire.

Man, bear thy brow aloft, view ev'ry grace
 In GOD's great offspring, beauteous nature's face:
 See spring's gay bloom; see golden autumn's store;
 See how earth smiles, and hear old ocean roar.
 Here forests rise, the mountain's awful pride;
 Here rivers measure climes, and worlds divide;
 There valleys, fraught with gold's resplendent seeds,
 Hold kings' and kingdoms' fortunes in their beds:
 There, to the skies, aspiring hills ascend,
 And into distant lands their shades extend.
 View cities, armies, fleets; of fleets the pride,
 See Europe's law, in Albion's channel ride;
 View the whole earth's vast landscape unconfi'd,
 Or view in Britain all her glories join'd.

'Then let the firmament thy wonder raise ;
 'Twill raise thy wonder, but transcend thy praise.
 How far from east to west? The lab'ring eye
 Can scarce the distant azure bounds descry :
 Wide theatre! where tempests play at large,
 And GOD'S right-hand can all its wrath discharge.
 Mark how those radiant lamps inflame the pole,
 Call forth the seasons, and the year control!
 They shine through time with an unalter'd ray:
 See this grand period rise, and that decay!
 So *vast*, this world's a grain: yet myriads grace,
 With golden pomp, the throng'd ethereal space;
 So *bright* with such a wealth of glory stor'd,
 'Twere sin in *heathens* not to have ador'd.

How great, how firm, how sacred, all appears!
 How worthy an immortal round of years!
 Yet all must drop as autumn's sickliest grain,
 And earth and firmament be sought in vain:
 The track forgot where *constellations* shone,
 Or where the Stuarts fill'd an awful throne:
Time shall be slain, all *nature* be destroy'd,
 Nor leave an atom in the mighty void.

Sooner or later in some future date,
 (A dreadful secret in the book of fate!)
 This hour, for aught all human wisdom knows,
 Or when ten thousand harvests more have rose;

When scenes are chang'd on this revolving earth,
 Old empires fall, and give new empires birth;
 While the still busy world is treading o'er
 The paths they trod five thousand years before,
 Thoughtless as those who *now* life's mazes run,
 Of earth dissolv'd, or an extinguish'd sun:
 (Ye sublunary worlds, awake, awake!
 Ye rulers of the nations, hear and shake!)
 Thick clouds of darkness shall arise on day;
 In sudden night all earth's dominions lay;
 Impetuous winds the scatter'd forests rend;
 Eternal mountains, like their cedars, bend;
 The valleys yawn, the troubled ocean roar,
 And break the bondage of his wonted shore;
 A sanguine stain the silver moon o'erspread;
 Darkness the circle of the sun invade;
 From inmost heaven incessant thunders roll,
 And the strong echo bound from pole to pole.

When, lo! a mighty trump, one half conceal'd
 In clouds, one half to mortal eye reveal'd,
 Shall pour a dreadful note: the piercing call
 Shall rattle in the centre of the ball;
 Th' extended circuit of creation shake,
 The living die with fear, the dead awake.

O pow'rful blast! to which no equal sound
 Did e'er the frightened ear of nature wound,

Though rival clarions have been strain'd on high,
 And kindled wars immortal through the sky,
 Though GOD'S whole engin'ry discharg'd, and all
 The rebel angels bellow'd in their fall.

Have angels sinn'd! and shall not man beware?
 How shall a son of earth decline the snare?
 Not folded arms, and slackness of the mind,
 Can promise for the safety of mankind:
 None are supinely good: through care and pain,
 And various arts, the steep ascent we gain.
 This is the scene of combat, not of rest,
 Man's is laborious happiness at best;
 On this side death his dangers never cease,
 His joys are joys of conquest, not of peace.

If then, obsequious to the will of fate,
 And bending to the terms of human state,
 When guilty joys invite us to their arms,
 When beauty smiles, or grandeur spreads her
 charms,
 The conscious soul would *this* great scene display,
 Call down th' immortal hosts in dread array,
 The *trumpet* sound, the christian banner spread,
 And raise from silent graves the trembling dead;
 Such deep impression would the picture make,
 No power on earth her firm resolve could shake;

Engag'd with angels she would greatly stand,
 And look regardless down on sea and land;
 Nor proffer'd worlds her ardour could restrain,
 And Death might shake his threat'ning lance in vain!
 Her certain conquest would endear the sight,
 And danger serve but to exalt delight.

Instructed thus to shun the fatal spring,
 Whence flow the terrors of that *day*, I sing:
 More boldly we our labours may pursue,
 And all the dreadful image set to view.

Al! mournful sight! the blissful earth, who late
 At leisure on her axle roll'd in state:
 While thousand golden planets knew no rest,
 Still onward in their circling journey prest;
 A grateful change of seasons, some to bring,
 And sweet vicissitude of fall and spring:
 Some through vast oceans to conduct the keel,
 And some those wat'ry worlds to sink or swell:
 Around her some their splendors to display,
 And gild her globe with tributary day;
 This world so great, of joy the bright abode,
 Heaven's darling child, and fav'rite of her GOD,
 Now looks an exile from her father's care,
 Deliver'd o'er to darkness and despair.
 No sun in radiant glory shines on high;
 No light but from the terrors of the sky:

Fall'n are her mountains, her fam'd rivers lost,
 And all into a second chaos tost,
 One universal ruin spreads abroad ;
 Nothing is safe beneath the throne of GOD.

Such, earth, thy fate : what then canst thou afford
 To comfort, and support, thy guilty lord?
 Man, haughty lord of all beneath the moon,
 How must he bend his soul's ambition down?
 Prostrate the reptile own, and disavow
 His boasted stature, and assuming brow?
 Claim kindred with the clay, and curse his form,
 That speaks distinction from his sister-worm?
 What dreadful pangs the trembling heart invade!
 LORD, why dost thou forsake whom thou hast made?
 Who can sustain thy anger? who can stand
 Beneath the terrors of thy lifted hand?
 It flies the reach of thought: O save me, Power
 Of powers supreme, in that tremendous hour!
Thou, who beneath the frown of fate hast stood,
 And in thy dreadful agony sweat blood;
Thou, who for me, through ev'ry throbbing vein,
 Hast felt the keenest edge of mortal pain;
 Whom Death led captive thro' the realms below,
 And taught those horrid mysteries of woe:
 Defend me, O my GOD! O save me, Power
 Of powers supreme, in that tremendous hour!

From east to west they fly, from pole to line,
 Imploring shelter from the wrath divine;
 Beg flames to wrap, or whelming seas to sweep,
 Or rocks to yawn, compassionately deep:
 Seas cast the monster forth to meet his doom,
 And rocks but prison up for wrath to come.

So fares a traitor to an earthly crown;
 While death sits threat'ning in his prince's frown,
 His heart's dismay'd; and now his fears command
 To change his native for a distant land:
 Swift orders fly, the king's severe decree
 Stands in the channel, and locks up the sea;
 The port he seeks, obedient to her lord,
 Hurls back the rebel to his lifted sword.

But why this idle toil to paint *that* day?
 This time elaborately thrown away?
 Words all in vain pant after the distress,
 The height of eloquence would make it less;
 Heavens! how the *good* man trembles!—

And is there a *Last Day*? and must there come
 A sure, a fix'd, inexorable doom?
Ambition swell, and thy proud sails to show,
 Take all the winds that *vanity* can blow;
Wealth on a golden mountain blazing stand,
 And reach an India forth in either hand;

Spread all thy purple clusters, tempting *vine*,
 And thou, more dreaded foe, bright *beauty* shine,
 Shine all ; in all your charms together rise ;
 That all, in all your charms, I may despise ;
 While I mount upward on a strong desire,
 Borne, like Elijah, in a car of fire.

In hopes of glory to be quite involv'd,
 To smile at Death, too long to be dissolv'd ;
 From our decays a pleasure to receive,
 And kindle into transport at a grave ;
 What equals *this*? And shall the victor now
 Boast the proud laurels on his loaded brow ?
 Religion ! O thou cherub, heavenly bright !
 O joys unmix'd, and fathomless delight !
 Thou, thou art all ; nor find I in the whole
 Creation aught but GOD and my own soul.

For ever then, my soul, thy GOD adore,
 Nor let the brute creation praise thee more.
 Shall things inanimate my conduct blame,
 And flush my conscious cheek with spreading shame ?
 They all for him pursue, or quit, their end ;
 The mounting flames their burning pow'r suspend ;
 In solid heaps th' unfrozen billows stand,
 To rest and silence aw'd by his command :
 Nay, the dire monsters that infest the flood,
 By nature dreadful, and athirst for blood,

His will can calm, their savage tempers bind,
 And turn to mild protectors of mankind.
 Did not the prophet this great truth maintain
 In the deep chambers of the gloomy main;
 When darkness round him all her horrors spread,
 And the loud ocean bellow'd o'er his head?

When now the thunder roars, the lightning flies,
 And all the warring winds tumultuous rise;
 When now the foaming surges tost on high,
 Disclose the sands beneath, and touch the sky;
 When death draws near, the mariners aghast,
 Look back with terror on their actions past:
 Their courage sickens into deep dismay,
 Their hearts, through fear and anguish, melt away;
 Nor tears, nor prayers, the tempest can appease:
 Now they devote their treasure to the seas;
 Unload their shatter'd bark, tho' richly fraught,
 And think the hopes of life are cheaply bought
 With gems and gold: but O! the storm so high!
 Nor gems, nor gold, the hopes of life can buy.

The trembling prophet then, themselves to save,
 They headlong plunge into the briny wave:
 Down he descends, and, booming o'er his head,
 The billows close, he's number'd with the dead,
 (Hear, O ye just! attend, ye virtuous few!
 And the bright paths of piety pursue!)

Lo! the great Ruler of the world on high,
 Looks smiling down with a propitious eye,
 Covers his servant with his gracious hand,
 And bids tempestuous nature silent stand;
 Commands the peaceful waters to give place,
 Or kindly fold him in a soft embrace;
 He bridles in the monsters of the deep,
 The bridled monsters awful distance keep:
 Forget their hunger, while they view their prey;
 And guiltless gaze, and round the stranger play.

But still arise new wonders; nature's LORD
 Sends forth into the deep his powerful word;
 And calls the great Leviathan: the great
 Leviathan attends in all his state:
 Exults for joy, and with a mighty bound
 Makes the sea shake, and heaven and earth resound;
 Blackens the water with the rising sand,
 And drives vast billows to the distant land.

As yawns an earthquake, when imprison'd air
 Struggles for vent, and lays the centre bare,
 The whale expands his jaws' enormous size,
 The prophet views the cavern with surprise;
 Measures his monstrous teeth afar descry'd,
 And rolls his wand'ring eyes from side to side:
 Then takes possession of the spacious seat,
 And sails secure within the dark retreat.

Now is he pleas'd the northern blast to hear,
 And hangs on liquid mountains, void of fear;
 Or falls immers'd into the depths below,
 Where the dead silent waters never flow;
 'To the foundations of the hills convey'd,
 Dwells in the shelving mountain's dreadful shade:
 Where plummet never reach'd, he draws his breath,
 And glides serenely thro' the paths of death.

Two wond'rous days and nights thro' coral groves,
 Thro' labyrinths of rocks and sands he roves:
 When the third morning with its level rays
 The mountain gilds, and on the billows plays,
 It sees the king of waters rise, and pour
 His sacred guest uninjur'd on the shore:
 A type of that great blessing, which the muse,
 In her next labour ardently pursues.

Now man awakes, and from his silent bed,
 Where he has slept for ages, lifts his head;
 Shakes off the slumber of ten thousand years,
 And on the borders of new worlds appears.

Again the trumpet's intermitted sound
 Rolls the wide circuit of creation round,
 An universal concourse to prepare
 Of all that ever breath'd the vital air;

In some wide field, which active whirlwinds sweep,
 Drive cities, forests, mountains, to the deep,
 To smooth and lengthen out th' unbounded space,
 And spread an area for all human race.

Now monuments prove faithful to their trust,
 And render back their long-committed dust.
 Now charnels rattle: scatter'd limbs and all
 The various bones, obsequious to the call,
 Self-mov'd, advance; the neck perhaps to meet
 The distant head; the distant legs the feet.
 Dreadful to view, see, through the dusky sky
 Fragments of bodies in confusion fly,
 To distant regions, journeying there to claim
 Deserted members, and complete the frame.

So swarming bees that on a summer's day,
 In airy rings, and wild meanders play,
 Charm'd with the brazen sound, their wand'rings
 end,
 And, gently circling, on a bough descend.

The body thus renew'd, the conscious soul,
 Which has perhaps been flutt'ring near the pole,
 Or 'midst the burning planets wond'ring stray'd,
 Or hover'd o'er where her pale corpse was laid:

Or rather coasted on her final state,
 And fear'd, or wish'd for, her appointed fate,
 This soul returning with a constant flame,
 Now weds for ever her immortal frame.
 Life, which ran down before, so high is wound,
 The springs maintain an everlasting round.

That ancient, sacred, and illustrious dome*,
 Where, soon or late, fair Albion's heroes come,
 From camps and courts, tho' great, or wise, or just,
 To feed the worm, and moulder into dust;
 That solemn mansion of the royal dead,
 Where passing slaves o'er sleeping monarchs tread,
 Now populous o'erflows: a num'rous race
 Of rising kings fill all th' extended space:
 A life well spent, not the victorious sword,
 Awards the crown, and styles the greater lord.

Nor monuments alone, and burial earth,
 Labours with man to this his second birth;
 But where gay palaces in pomp arise,
 And gilded theatres invade the skies,
 Nations shall wake, whose unrespected bones
 Support the pride of their luxurious sons.
 The most magnificent and costly dome
 Is but an upper chamber to a tomb.

* Westminster Abbey.

No spot on earth but has supply'd a grave,
 And human skulls the spacious ocean pave.
 All's full of man; and at this dreadful turn,
 The swarm shall issue, and the hive shall burn.

Not all at once, nor in like manner rise:
 Some lift with pain their slow unwilling eyes;
 Shrink backward from the terror of the light,
 And bless the grave, and call for lasting night.
 Others, whose long-attempted virtue stood,
 Fix'd as a rock, and broke the rushing flood,
 Whose firm resolve, nor beauty could melt down,
 Nor raging tyrants from their posture frown;
 Such, in this day of horrors, shall be seen
 To face the thunders with a godlike mien;
 The planets drop, their thoughts are fix'd above;
 The centre shakes, their hearts disdain to move;
 And earth dissolving, and a heaven thrown wide,
 A yawning gulf, and fiends on ev'ry side,
 Serene they view, impatient of delay,
 And bless the dawn of everlasting day.

Indulgent GOD! O how shall mortal raise
 His soul to due returns of grateful praise,
 For bounty so profuse to human kind,
 Thy wondrous gift of an eternal mind?

Shall I, who some few years ago was less
 Than worm, or mite, or shadow can express,
 Was nothing; shall I live, when ev'ry fire
 Of ev'ry star shall languish and expire?
 When earth's no more, shall I survive above,
 And through the radiant files of angels move?
 Or, as before the throne of GOD I stand,
 See new worlds rolling from his spacious hand,
 Where our adventures shall perhaps be taught,
 As we now tell how Michael sung or fought?
 All that has being in full concert join,
 And celebrate the depths of *love divine!*

But, O! before this blissful state, before
 Th' aspiring soul this wondrous height can soar,
 The Judge, descending, thunders from afar,
 And all mankind is summon'd to the bar.
 Fiction, be far away; let no machine
 Descending here, no sable god, be seen;
 Behold the GOD of gods indeed descend,
 And worlds unnumber'd his approach attend!

Lo! the wide theatre, whose ample space
 Must entertain the whole of human race,
 At Heaven's all-powerful edict is prepar'd,
 And fenc'd around with an immortal guard.

Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds, o'erflow
 The mighty plain, and deluge all below :
 And ev'ry age, and nation, pours along,
 Nimrod and Bourbon mingle in the throng :
 Adam salutes his youngest son : no sign
 Of all those ages, which their births disjoin.

How empty learning, and how vain is art,
 But as it mends the life, and guides the heart !
 What volumes have been swell'd, what time been
 spent,
 To fix a hero's birth-day, or descent !
 What joy must it now yield, what rapture raise,
 To see the glorious race of ancient days !
 To greet those worthies, who perhaps have stood
 Illustrious on record before the flood !
 Alas ! a nearer care your souls demands,
 Cæsar un-noted in your presence stands.

How vast the concourse ! not in number more
 The waves that break on the resounding shore,
 The leaves that tremble in the shady grove,
 The lamps that gild the spangled vaults above :
 Those overwhelming armies, whose command
 Said to one empire, *fall* ; another, *stand* :
 Whose rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking dawn
 Rous'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on :

Great Xerxes' world in arms, proud Cannæ's field,
 Where Carthage taught victorious Rome to yield;
 Immortal Blenheim, fam'd Ramillia's host,
 They all are here, and here they all are lost:
 Their millions swell to be discern'd in vain,
 Lost as a billow in th' unbounded main.

*This echoing voice now rends the yielding air,
 For judgment, judgment, sons of men prepare!*
 Earth shakes anew; I hear her groans profound;
 And hell through all her trembling realms resound.

Whoe'er thou art, thou greatest Pow'r of earth,
 Blest with most equal planets at thy birth;
 Whose valour drew the most successful sword,
 Most realms united in one common lord;
 Who, on the day of triumph, saidst, be thine
 The skies, Jehovah, all this world is mine:
 Dare not to lift thine eye.—Alas! my muse,
 How art thou lost! What numbers canst thou
 choose?

A sudden blush inflames the waving sky,
 And now the crimson curtains open fly;
 Lo! far within, and far above all height,
 Where heaven's great Sov'reign reigns in worlds of
 light,

Whence nature he informs, and with one ray
 Shot from his eye, does all her works survey,
 Creates, supports, confounds! Where *time* and *place*,
Matter, and *form*, and *fortune*, *life*, and *grace*,
 Wait humbly at the footstool of their GOD,
 And move obedient to his awful nod ;
 Whence he beholds us vagrant emmets crawl
 At random on this air-suspended ball :
 (Speck of creation!) if he pour one breath,
 The bubble breaks, and 'tis eternal death.

Thence issuing I behold, (but mortal sight
 Sustains not such a rushing sea of light!)
 I see, on an empyreal flying throne
 Sublimely rais'd, Heaven's Everlasting Son ;
 Crown'd with that majesty that form'd the world,
 And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd.
Virtue, dominion, praise, omnipotence,
 Support the train of their triumphant Prince.
 A zone beyond the thought of angels bright,
 Around him, like the zodiac, winds its light.
 Night shades the solemn arches of his brows,
 And in his cheek the purple morning glows.
 Where'er serene, he turns propitious eyes,
 Or we expect to find a paradise ;
 But if resentment reddens their mild beams,
 The Eden kindles, and the world's in flames.

On one hand, *knowledge* shines in purest light;
 On one, the sword of *justice*, fiercely bright.
 Now bend the knee in sport, present the reed;
 Now tell the scourg'd impostor he shall bleed!

Thus glorious thro' the courts of heav'n, the source
 Of life and death eternal bends his course;
 Loud thunders round him roll, and lightnings play;
 Th' angelic host is rang'd in bright array:
 Some touch the string, some strike the sounding shell,
 And mingling voices in rich concert swell:
 Voices seraphic; blest with such a strain,
 Could Satan hear, he were a god again.

Triumphant King of Glory! Soul of bliss!
 What a stupendous turn of fate is this!
 O! whither art thou rais'd above the scorn
 And indigence of *him* in Bethlem born;
 A needless, helpless, unaccounted guest,
 And but a second to the fodder'd beast?
 How chang'd from *him*, who meekly prostrate laid,
 Vouchsaf'd to wash the feet himself had made?
 From *him*, who was betray'd, forsook, deny'd,
 Wept, languish'd, pray'd, bled, thirsted, groan'd, and
 dy'd;
 Hung pierc'd and bare, insulted by the foe,
 All heav'n in tears above, earth unconcern'd below!

And was't enough to bid the sun retire?
 Why did not nature at thy groan expire?
 I see, I hear, I feel the pangs divine;
 The world is vanish'd—I am wholly thine.

Mistaken Caiaphas! Ah! which blasphem'd?
 Thou or thy pris'ner: which shall be condemn'd?
 Well might'st thou rend thy garments, well exclaim,
 Deep are the horrors of eternal flame!
 But GOD is good! 'tis wondrous all! Ev'n he
 Thou gav'st to death, shame, torture, dy'd for thee.

Now the descending triumph stops its flight
 From earth full twice a planetary height.
 There all the clouds condens'd, two columns raise,
 Distinct with orient veins, and golden blaze.
 One fix'd on earth, and one in sea, and round
 Its ample foot the swelling billows sound.
 These an immeasurable arch support,
 The grand tribunal of this awful court.
 Sheets of bright azure, from the purest sky,
 Stream from the crystal arch, and round the co-
 lumnus fly,
Death, wrapt in chains, low at the bases lies,
 And on the point of his own arrow dies.

Here high enthron'd, th' Eternal Judge is plac'd,
 With all the grandeur of the Godhead grac'd;

Stars on His robes in beauteous order meet,
And the sun burns beneath His awful feet.

Now an archangel, eminently bright,
From off his silver staff of wondrous height
Unfurls the Christian flag, which waving flies,
And shuts and opens more than half the skies.
The Cross so strong a red, it sheds a stain
Where'er it floats, on earth, and air, and main:
Flushes the hill, and sets on fire the wood,
And turns the deep-dy'd ocean into blood.

O formidable Glory! dreadful bright!
Refulgent torture to the guilty sight.
Ah, turn, unwary Muse, nor dare reveal
What horrid thoughts with the polluted dwell.
Say not, (to make the sun shrink in his beam)
Dare not affirm they wish it all a dream;
Wish, or their souls may with their limbs decay,
Or GOD be spoil'd of His eternal sway.
But rather, if thou know'st the means, unfold
How they with transport might the scene behold.

Ah, how! but by repentance, by a mind
Quick and severe its own offence to find!
By tears, and groans, and never-ceasing care,
And all the pious violence of pray'r?

Thus then with fervency till now unknown,
 I cast my heart before th' eternal throne,
 In this great temple, which the skies surround,
 For homage to its LORD a narrow bound.

“ O Thou! whose balance does the mountains
 “ weigh,
 “ Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey,
 “ Whose breath can turn those wat'ry worlds to
 “ flame,
 “ That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame ;
 “ Earth's meanest son, all trembling, prostrate falls,
 “ And on the bounty of thy goodness calls.

“ O give the winds all past offence to sweep,
 “ To scatter wide, or bury in the deep :
 “ Thy power, my weakness, may I ever see,
 “ And wholly dedicate my soul to thee!
 “ Reign o'er my will ; my passions ebb and flow,
 “ At thy command, nor human motive know.
 “ If anger boil, let anger be my praise,
 “ And sin the graceful indignation raise.
 “ My love be warm to succour the distress'd,
 “ And lift the burden from the soul oppress'd.

“ O may my understanding ever read
 “ This glorious volume, which thy wisdom made !

“ Who decks the maiden Spring with flow’ry pride ?
 “ Who calls forth Summer, like a sparkling bride ?
 “ Who joys the mother Autumn’s bed to crown,
 “ And bids old Winter lay her honours down ?
 “ Not the great Ottoman, or greater Czar,
 “ Not Europe’s arbitress of peace or war.
 “ May sea and land, and earth and heav’n be join’d,
 “ To bring th’ Eternal Author to my mind !
 “ When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
 “ May thoughts of thy dread vengeance shake my
 “ soul !
 “ When earth’s in bloom, or planets proudly shine,
 “ Adore, my heart, the Majesty Divine.

“ Thro’ ev’ry scene of life, or peace, or war,
 “ Plenty, or want, thy glory be my care !
 “ Shine we in arms ? or sing beneath our vine ?
 “ Thine is the vintage, and the conquest thine :
 “ Thy pleasure points the shaft, and bends the bow ;
 “ The clusters blasts, or bids it brightly glow ;
 “ ’Tis Thou that lead’st our pow’rful armies forth,
 “ And giv’st great Anne thy sceptre o’er the north.

“ Grant I may ever at the morning ray,
 “ Open with pray’r the consecrated day :
 “ Tune thy great praise, and bid my soul arise,
 “ And with the mounting sun ascend the skies ;

“ As that advances, let my zeal improve,
 “ And glow with ardour of consummate love:
 “ Nor cease at eve, but with the setting sun
 “ My endless worship shall be still begun.

“ And O! permit the gloom of solemn night
 “ To sacred thought may forcibly invite.
 “ When this world’s shut, and awful planets rise,
 “ Call on our minds, and raise them to the skies;
 “ Compose our souls with a less dazzling sight,
 “ And shew all nature in a milder light;
 “ How ev’ry boist’rous thought in calm subsides!
 “ How the smooth’d spirit into goodness glides!
 “ O how divine! to tread the milky way
 “ To the bright palace of the LORD of Day!
 “ His court admire, or for his favour sue,
 “ Or leagues of friendship with his saints renew;
 “ Pleas’d to look down, and see the world asleep,
 “ While I long vigils to its Founder keep!

“ Canst thou not shake the centre? O control,
 “ Subdue by force, the rebel in my soul!
 “ Thou who canst still the raging of the flood,
 “ Restrain the various tumults of my blood;
 “ Teach me with equal firmness to sustain
 “ Alluring pleasure, and assaulting pain.

“ O may I pant for thee in each desire!
 “ And with strong faith foment the holy fire!
 “ Stretch out my soul in hope, and grasp the prize,
 “ Which in Eternity’s deep bosom lies!
 “ At the great day of recompense behold,
 “ Devoid of fear, the *fatal book* unfold!
 “ Then wafted upward to the blissful seat,
 “ From age to age my grateful song repeat;
 “ My light, my life, my GOD, my Saviour, see,
 “ And rival angels in the praise of thee.”

Ten thousand trumpets *now* at once advance;
 Now deepest silence lulls the vast expanse:
 So deep the silence, and so strong the blast,
 As nature dy’d, when she had groan’d her last.
 Nor man, nor angel moves! the Judge on high
 Looks round, and with his glory fills the sky:
 Then on the fatal book his hand he lays,
 Which high to view supporting seraphs raise;
 In solemn form the rituals are prepar’d,
 The seal is broken, and a groan is heard.
 And thou, my soul, (O fall to sudden pray’r,
 And let the thought sink deep!) shalt thou be there?

See on the left (for by the great command
 The throng divided falls on either hand,)

How weak, how pale, how haggard, how obscene,
 What more than death in ev'ry face and mien!
 With what distress, and glarings of affright,
 They shock the heart, and turn away the sight!
 In gloomy orbs their trembling eye-balls roll,
 And tell the horrid secrets of the soul.
 Each gesture mourns, each look is black with care,
 And ev'ry groan is laden with despair.
 Reader, if guilty, spare the muse, and find
 A truer image pictur'd in thy mind.

Shouldst thou behold thy brother, father, wife,
 And all the soft companions of thy life;
 Whose blended interest level'd at one aim,
 Whose mix'd desires sent up one common flame,
 Divided far; thy wretched self alone
 Cast on the left of all whom thou hast known;
 How would it wound? what millions would'st thou
 For one more trial, one day more to live! [give
 Flung back in time an hour, a moment's space,
 To grasp with eagerness the means of *grace*:
 Contend for mercy with a pious rage,
 And in that moment to redeem an age!
 Drive back the tide, suspend a storm in air,
 Arrest the sun; but still of *this* despair.

Mark on the right, how amiable a grace!
 Their Maker's image fresh in ev'ry face!

What purple bloom my ravish'd soul admires,
 And their eyes sparkling with immortal fires!
 Triumphant beauty! charms that rise above
 This world, and in blest angels kindle love!
 To the Great Judge with holy joy they turn,
 And dare behold th' Almighty's anger burn!
 Its flash sustain, against its terror rise,
 And on the dread tribunal fix their eyes.
 Are these the forms that moulder'd in the dust?
 O the transcendent glory of the just!

Since Adam's family, from first to last,
 Now into one distinct survey is cast;
 Look round, vain-glorious muse, and you whoe'er
 Devote yourselves to fame, and think her fair;
 Look round, and seek the lights of human race,
 Whose shining acts *time's* brightest annals grace;
 Who founded sects; crowns conquer'd or resign'd;
 Gave names to nations, or fam'd empires join'd;
 Who rais'd the vale, and laid the mountains low;
 And taught obedient rivers where to flow;
 Who with vast fleets, as with a mighty chain,
 Could bind the madness of the roaring main:
 All lost, all undistinguish'd, no where found,
 How will this truth in Bourbon's palace sound?

Such is the scene, and one short moment's space
 Concludes the hopes and fears of human race.

Proceed who dares ! I tremble as I write
 The whole creation swims before my sight ;
 I see, I see, the Judge's frowning brow ;
 Say not, 'tis distant ; I behold it *now* :
 I faint, my tardy blood forgets to flow,
 My soul recoils at the stupendous woe ;
 That woe, those pangs which from the *guilty* breast,
 In these, or words like these, shall be express'd.

“ Who burst the barriers of my peaceful grave?
 “ Ah, cruel Death! that would no longer save,
 “ But grudg'd me e'en that narrow dark abode,
 “ And cast me out into the wrath of GOD ;
 “ Where shrieks, the roaring flame, the rattling
 “ chain,
 “ And all the dreadful eloquence of pain,
 “ Our only song ; black fire's malignant light,
 “ The sole refreshment of the blasted sight.

“ Must all those pow'rs Heav'n gave me to supply
 “ My soul with pleasure, and bring in my joy,
 “ Rise up in arms against me, join the foe,
 “ *Sense, reason, memory*, increase my woe?
 “ And shall my voice ordain'd on hymns to dwell,
 “ Corrupt to groans, and blow the fires of hell?
 “ O! must I look with terror on my gain,
 ‘ And with *existence* only measure pain?

“ What! no reprieve, no least indulgence giv’n,
 “ No beam of hope from any point of Heaven!
 “ Ah, mercy! mercy! art thou dead above?
 “ Is love extinguish’d in the Source of Love?

“ Bold that I am, did Heaven stoop down to
 “ hell?

“ Th’ expiring Lord of life my ransom seal?
 “ Have I not been industrious to provoke?
 “ From his embraces obstinately broke?
 “ Pursu’d and panted for his mortal hate,
 “ Earn’d my destruction, labour’d out my fate?
 “ And dare I on extinguish’d love exclaim?
 “ Take, take, full vengeance, rouse the slack’ning
 “ flame;

“ Just is my lot—but O! must it transcend
 “ The reach of time, despair a distant end?
 “ With dreadful growth, shoot forward, and arise,
 “ Where thought can’t follow, and bold fancy dies!

“ *Never!* where falls the soul at that dread sound?
 “ Down an abyss how dark, and how profound!
 “ Down, down, (I still am falling, horrid pain!)
 “ Ten thousand, thousand fathoms still remain?
 “ My plunge but still begun—and this for sin?
 “ Could I offend if I had never been,
 “ But still increas’d the senseless happy mass,
 “ Flow’d in the stream, or shiver’d in the grass?

“ Father of mercies ! why from silent earth
 “ Didst thou awake, and curse me into birth ;
 “ Tear me from quiet, ravish me from night,
 “ And make a thankless present of thy light ?
 “ Push into being a reverse of thee,
 “ And animate a clod with misery ?

“ The beasts are happy, they come forth, and keep
 “ Short watch on earth, and then lie down to sleep,
 “ Pain is for man ; and O ! how vast a pain
 “ For crimes which made the Godhead bleed in
 “ vain !

“ Annull'd his groans as far as in them lay,
 “ And flung his agonies and death away !
 “ As our dire punishment for ever strong,
 “ Our constitution too for ever young,
 “ Curst with returns of vigour still the same,
 “ Pow'rful to bear, and satisfy the flame ;
 “ Still to be caught, and still to be pursu'd !
 “ To perish still, and still to be renew'd !

“ Thou, who canst toss the planets to and fro,
 “ Contract not thy great vengeance to my woe ;
 “ Crush worlds ; in hotter flames fall'n angels lay ;
 “ On me Almighty wrath is cast away.
 “ Call back thy thunders, LORD, hold in thy rage,
 “ Nor with a-speck of wretchedness engage :

“ Forget me quite, nor stoop a worm to blame ;
 “ But lose me in the greatness of thy name.
 “ Thou art all love, all mercy, all divine,
 “ And shall I make those glories cease to shine ?
 “ Shall sinful man grow great by his offence,
 “ And from its course turn back Omnipotence ?

“ Forbid it ! and O grant, Great GOD, at least
 “ This one, this slender, almost *no* request :
 “ When I have wept a thousand lives away,
 “ When torment is grown weary of his prey,
 “ When I have rav’d ten thousand years in fire,
 “ Ten thousand thousands, let me then expire !”

Deep anguish ! but too late ! the hopeless soul
 Bound to the bottom of the burning pool,
 Though loth, and ever loud blaspheming, owns
 He’s justly doom’d to pour eternal groans ;
 Enclos’d with horrors, and transfix’d with pain,
 Rolling in vengeance, struggling with his chain ;
 To talk to fiery tempests ; to implore
 The raging flame to give its burnings o’er ;
 To toss, to writhe, to pant beneath his load,
 And bear the weight of an offended GOD.

The favor’d of their Judge in triumph move,
 To take possession of their thrones above ;

Satan's accurs'd desertion to supply,
 And fill the vacant stations of the sky;
 Again to kindle long-extinguish'd rays,
 And with new lights dilate the heavenly blaze;
 To crop the roses of immortal youth,
 And drink the fountain-head of sacred truth;
 To swim in seas of bliss, to strike the string,
 And lift their voice to their Almighty King;
 To lose eternity in grateful lays,
 And fill heaven's wide circumference with praise.

But I attempt the wondrous height in vain,
 And leave unfinish'd the too lofty strain;
 What boldly I begin, let others end;
 My strength exhausted, fainting I descend,
 And choose a less, but no ignoble theme,
 Dissolving elements, and worlds, in flame.

The fatal period, the great hour is come,
 And nature shrinks at her approaching doom;
 Loud peals of thunder give the sign, and all
 Heaven's terrors in array surround the ball:
 Sharp lightnings with the meteor's blaze conspire,
 And, darted downward, set the world on fire;
 Black rising clouds the thicken'd ether choke,
 And spiry flames dart thro' the rolling smoke,
 With keen vibrations cut the sullen night,
 And strike the darken'd sky with dreadful light;

From heaven's four regions, with immortal force,
 Angels drive on the wind's impetuous course,
 T' enrage the flame: it spreads, it soars on high,
 Swells in the storm, and billows through the sky:
 Here winding pyramids of fire ascend,
 Cities and deserts, in one ruin blend;
 Here blazing volumes wafted overwhelm
 The spacious face of a far distant realm;
 There, undermin'd, down rush eternal hills,
 The neighb'ring vale the vast destruction fills.

Hear'st thou that dreadful crack? that sound
 which broke
 Like peals of thunder, and the centre shook?
 What wonders must that groan of nature tell!
 Olympus there, and mightier Atlas, fell;
 Which seem'd above the reach of fate to stand,
 A tow'ring monument of GOD'S right-hand:
 Now dust and smoke, whose brow so lately spread
 O'er shelter'd countries its diffusive shade.

Shew me the celebrated spot, where all
 The various rulers of the sever'd ball
 Have humbly sought wealth, honour, and redress,
 That land which heaven seem'd diligent to bless,
 Once call'd Britannia: can her glories end?
 And can't surrounding seas her realm defend?

Alas! in flames behold surrounding seas;
 Like oil, their waters but augment their blaze.

Some angel say, Where ran proud Asia's bound?
 Or where with fruits was fair Europa crown'd?
 Where stretch'd waste Lybia? Where did India's
 store
 Sparkle in diamonds, and her golden ore?
 Each lost in each their mingling kingdoms glow,
 And all dissolv'd, one fiery deluge flow:
 Thus earth's contending monarchies are join'd,
 And a full period of ambition find.

And now whate'er or swims, or walks, or flies,
 Inhabitants of sea, or earth, or skies;
 All on whom Adam's wisdom fix'd a name,
 All plunge, and perish in the conq'ring flame.

This globe alone would but defraud the fire,
 Starve its devouring rage: the flakes aspire,
 And catch the clouds, and make the heavens their
 prey;
 The sun, the moon, the stars, all melt away:
 All, all is lost; no monument, no sign,
 Where once so proudly blaz'd the gay machine.
 So bubbles on the foaming stream expire,
 So sparks that scatter from the kindling fire;

The devastations of one dreadful hour,
 The Great Creator's six days work devour;
 A mighty, mighty ruin! yet one *soul*
 Has more to boast, and far outweighs the whole;
 Exalted in superior excellence,
 Casts down to nothing, such a vast expence.
 Have ye not seen th' eternal mountains nod,
 An earth dissolving, a descending GOD?
 What strange surprises through all nature ran!
 For whom these revolutions, but for man!
 For him, Omnipotence new measures takes,
 For him, through all eternity awakes;
 Pours on him gifts sufficient to supply
 Heaven's loss, and with fresh glories fill the sky.

Think deeply then, O man! how *great* thou art,
 Pay thyself homage with a *trembling* heart;
 What angels guard, no longer dare neglect,
 Slighting thyself, affront not GOD's respect.
 Enter the sacred temple of thy breast,
 And gaze, and wander there, a ravish'd guest;
 Gaze on those hidden treasures thou shalt find,
 Wander through all the glories of thy mind.
 Of perfect knowledge, see the dawning light
 Foretels a noon most exquisitely bright!
 Here, springs of endless joy are breaking forth!
 There, buds the promise of celestial worth!

Worth, which must ripen in a happier clime,
 And brighter sun, beyond the bounds of time.
 Thou, *minor*, canst not guess thy vast estate,
 What stores, on foreign coasts, thy landing wait :
 Lose not thy claim, let virtue's paths be trod ;
 Thus glad all heaven, and please that bounteous
 GOD,

Who, to light thee to pleasures, hung on high
 Yon radiant orb, proud regent of the sky :
 That service done, its beams shall fade away,
 And GOD shine forth in one Eternal Day.

THE
 INSTITUTION AND SOLEMNITY
 OF
THE SABBATH.

MILTON.

AND now on earth the seventh
 Evening arose in Eden, for the sun
 Was set, and twilight from the east came on,
 Forerunning night ; when on the holy mount
 Of heaven's high-seated top, th' imperial throne
 Of Godhead, fix'd for ever firm and sure,

The Filial Power arriv'd, and sat him down
 With his great Father, for he also went
 Invisible, yet stay'd, (such privilege
 Hath Omnipresence) and the work ordain'd,
 Author and end of all things, and from work
 Now resting, bless'd and hallow'd the seventh day,
 As resting on that day from all his work,
 But not in silence holy kept; the harp
 Had work and rested not; the solemn pipe,
 And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,
 All sounds on fret by string or golden wire
 Temper'd soft tunings, intermix'd with voice
 Choral or unison: of incense, clouds
 Fuming from golden censors hid the mount.
 Creation and the six days acts they sung.
 Great are thy works, Jehovah, infinite
 Thy pow'r; what thought can measure thee, or
 tongue

Relate thee? greater now in thy return
 Than from the giant angels? thee that day
 Thy thunders magnify'd; but to create
 Is greater than created to destroy.
 Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound
 Thy empire? Easily the proud attempt
 Of spirits apostate and their counsels vain
 Thou hast repell'd, while impiously they thought
 Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw

The number of thy worshippers. Who seeks
 To lessen thee against his purpose serves
 To manifest the more thy might : his evil
 Thou usest, and from thence creates more good.
 Witness this new-made world, another heaven,
 From heaven-gate not far, founded in view
 Of the clear hyaline, the glassy sea ;
 Of amplitude almost immense, with stars
 Numerous, and ev'ry star perhaps a world
 Of destin'd habitation ; but thou know'st
 Their seasons : among these the seat of men,
 Earth with her nether ocean circumfus'd,
 Their pleasant dwelling-place. Thrice happy men,
 And sons of men, whom GOD hath thus advanc'd,
 Created in his image, there to dwell
 And worship him, and in reward to rule
 Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air,
 And multiply a race of worshippers
 Holy and just : thrice happy if they know
 Their happiness, and persevere upright.

So sung they, and the empyrean rung
 With hallelujahs : Thus was sabbath kept.

A

MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION,

ON THE DEATH OF HIS SON.

JANES.

I'M not design'd to say who lies beneath;
 Which known how useless to the dead and thee!
 Whoe'er thou art, or rich, or wise, or strong,
 If thy proud heart is unsubdu'd by *grace*,
 Thou hast within thy soul's unwearied foe—
 Thy condemnation to infernal shades!

Life is uncertain—at the longest short!
 Lo, the grave yawns—eternity's in view!

Say, wretched sinner! how wilt thou escape?
 But one resource remains—To JESUS fly
 With eyes full streaming, and a broken heart:
 Thy stains his blood shall purge—his spirit guide
 Thy feet into the way of perfect peace.
 Thus ready for that dreaded, wish'd-for hour,
 Thro' Death's cold shades thy soul shall fearless pass
 To some bless'd region, till the awful trump
 Proclaims the dawn of that eternal day,
 In which with JESUS thou shalt ever reign.

THE
 GRAND DISTINCTION
 BETWEEN THE
VIRTUOUS AND THE WICKED

RESERVED FOR ANOTHER STATE.

GLYNN.

LOOK round the world! with what a partial hand
 The scale of bliss and mis'ry is sustain'd!
 Beneath the shade of cold obscurity
 Pale Virtue lies; no arm supports her head,
 No friendly voice speaks comfort to her soul,
 Nor soft-ey'd Pity drops a melting tear;
 But in their stead, Contempt and rude Disdain
 Insult the banish'd wand'rer. On she goes
 Neglected and forlorn: Disease, and Cold,
 And Famine, worst of ills, her steps attend
 Yet patient, and to Heaven's just will resign'd,
 She ne'er is seen to weep, or heard to sigh.

Now turn your eyes to yon sweet-smelling bow'r,
 Where, flush'd with all the insolence of wealth,
 Sits pamper'd Vice! for him th' Arabian gale
 Breathes forth delicious odours; Gallia's hills
 For him pour nectar from the purple vine;
 Nor think for these he pays the tribute due

To Heaven: of Heaven he never names the name,
 Save when, with imprecations dark and dire,
 He points his jest obscene. Yet buxom Health
 Sits on his rosy cheek; yet Honour gilds
 His high exploits, and downy-pinion'd Sleep
 Sheds a soft opiate o'er his peaceful couch.

Seest thou this, righteous Father! seest thou this,
 And wilt thou ne'er repay? Shall good and ill
 Be carry'd undistinguish'd to the land
 Where all things are forgot? Ah! no; the day
 Will come when Virtue from the cloud shall burst
 That long obscur'd her beams; when Sin shall fly
 Back to her native hell; there sink eclips'd
 In penal darkness; where nor star shall rise,
 Nor ever sunshine pierce th' impervious gloom.



THE

*UNREASONABLENESS OF DENY-
 ING A FUTURE STATE.*

GLYNN.

SCEPTIC! whoe'er thou art, who say'st the soul,
 That particle divine, which GOD'S own breath
 Inspir'd into the mortal mass, shall rest
 Annihilate, till duration has unroll'd

Her never-ending line : tell, if thou know'st,
Why ev'ry nation, ev'ry clime, though all
In laws, in rites, in manners disagree,
With one consent expect another world,
Where wickedness shall weep? Why Painim bards
Fabled Elysian plains, Tartarean lakes,
Styx and Cocytus? Tell why Hali's sons
Have feign'd a paradise of mirth and love,
Banquets and blooming nymphs? Or rather, tell,
Why on the brink of Orellana's stream,
Where never science rear'd her sacred torch,
Th' untutor'd Indian dreams of happier worlds
Behind the cloud-topt hill? Why in each breast
Is plac'd a friendly monitor, that prompts,
Informs, directs, encourages, forbids?
Tell why on unknown evil grief attends;
Or joy on secret good? Why conscience acts
With tenfold force, when sickness, age, or pain,
Stands tottering on the precipice of death?
Or why such horror gnaws the guilty soul
Of dying sinners; while the good man sleeps
Peaceful and calm, and with a smile expires?

GOD DECLARES THE DREADFUL CONSEQUENCE OF ADAM'S SIN,

TO HIM AND HIS POSTERITY,

UNLESS SATISFACTION IS MADE TO HIS JUSTICE,

WHICH THE SON OF GOD UNDERTAKES.

MILTON.

MAN disobeying,
 Disloyal breaks his fealty, and sins
 Against the high supremacy of Heaven.
 Affecting Godhead, and so losing all,
 To expiate his treason hath nought left,
 But to destruction sacred and devote.
 He, with his whole posterity, must die;
 Die he or Justice must; unless for him
 Some other able, and as willing, pay
 The rigid satisfaction, death for death.
 Say, heavenly Pow'rs, where shall we find such love?
 Which of ye will be mortal to redeem
 Man's mortal crime, the just, th' unjust to save?
 Dwells in all Heaven charity so dear?

He ask'd, but all the heav'nly choir stood mute,
 And silence was in Heaven: on man's behalf

Patron or intercessor none appear'd,
 Much less that durst upon his own head draw
 The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
 And now without redemption all mankind
 Must have been lost, adjudg'd to death and hell
 By doom severe, had not the Son of GOD,
 In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,
 His dearest mediation thus renew'd.

Father, thy word is past, MAN shall find grace;
 And shall not Grace find means, that finds her way,
 The speediest of thy winged messengers,
 To visit all thy creatures, and to all
 Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unsought.
 Happy for man, so coming, he her aid
 Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost;
 Atonement for himself or offering meet,
 Indebted and undone, hath none to bring:
 Behold me then; me for him, life for life
 I offer; on me let thine anger fall;
 Account me man; I for his sake will leave
 Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee
 Freely put off, and for him lastly die
 Well pleas'd; on me let Death wreak all his rage:
 Under his gloomy power I shall not long
 Lie vanquish'd; thou hast giv'n me to possess
 Life in myself for ever; by thee I live

Though now to Death I yield, and am his due,
All that of me can die; yet that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul
For ever with corruption there to dwell;
But I shall rise victorious, and subdue
My vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted spoil;
Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop
Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd,
I through the ample air in triumph high,
Shall lead hell captive, maugre hell, and shew
The powers of darkness bound. Thou at the sight
Pleas'd, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile;
While by thee rais'd, I ruin all my foes,
Death last, and with his carcass glut the grave;
Then with the multitude of my redeem'd
Shall enter Heaven long absent, and return,
Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd
And reconcilment; wrath shall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire.

INCIDENTAL MISERIES ATTENDANT ON POVERTY.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your
door;

Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
O give relief, and Heaven will bless your store!

These tatter'd clothes my poverty bespeak,
These hoary locks proclaim my length of years!
And many a furrow in this grief-worn cheek
Has been the channel of a stream of tears.

Yon house, erected on a rising ground,
With tempting aspect drew me from the road,
For Plenty there a residence has found,
And Grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!
Here craving for a morsel of their bread,
A pamper'd menial forc'd me from the door,
To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.

O take me to your hospitable dome!
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor, and miserably old.

Should I reveal the source of ev'ry grief,
 If soft humanity e'er touch'd your breast,
 Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
 And tears of pity could not be repress.


Heaven sends misfortunes, why should we repine?
 'Tis Heaven has brought me to the state you see;
 And your condition may be soon like mine,
 The child of sorrow and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
 There, like the lark, I sprightly hail'd the morn;
 But, ah! Oppression forc'd me from my cot,
 My cattle dy'd, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
 Lur'd by a villain from her native home,
 Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage,
 And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife, sweet soother of my care,
 Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
 Fell, ling'ring fell! a victim to Despair,
 And left the world to wretchedness and me.

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